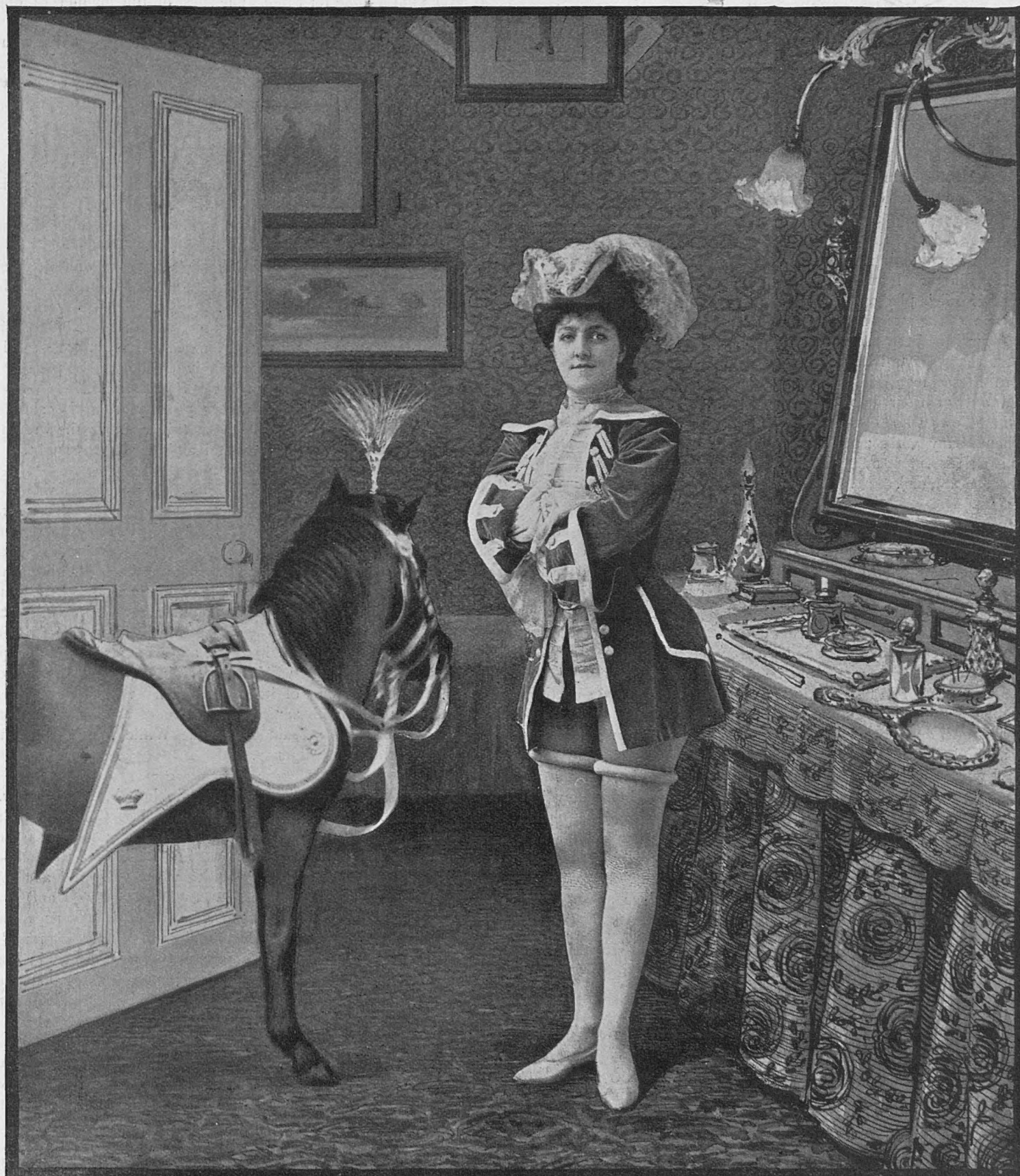


The Sketch

No. 685.—Vol. LIII.

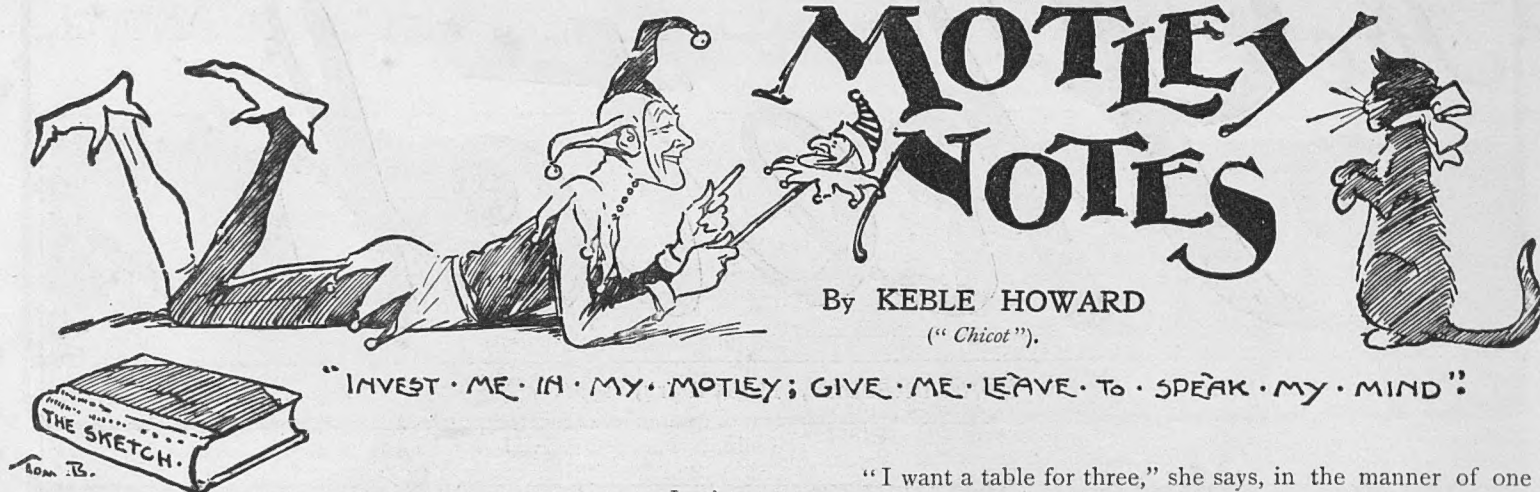
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1906.

SIXPENCE.



PRINCE JASPER VISITED IN HER DRESSING-ROOM BY ONE OF CINDERELLA'S PONIES—
A "FAKE" PICTURE OF A REAL INCIDENT.

One of the two-and-twenty Shetland ponies that draw Cinderella's coach in the pantomime at Drury Lane has taken a particular fancy to Miss Queenie Leighton, the Principal Boy, and visits her every evening in her dressing-room, knowing that lumps of sugar are to be found there. The pony needs no guidance to find its way. The illustration here given is a "Sketch" Artist's idea of the nightly incident. The Photograph of Miss Leighton is by Ellis and Walery; that of the pony by Park; the Setting by the "Sketch" Artist aforementioned.



London.

MR. KEIR HARDIE is a rash man. It seems that he has invented a pledge which binds the Member of Parliament who signs it to touch no alcoholic liquor while the House is sitting. Many of the Irishmen, moreover, have signed it, and all the Labour Members. Nobody but a teetotaler could have done anything quite so misguided. Alcohol is as necessary to the legislator as to any other man who has grown accustomed to the use of it, and to the man who has grown accustomed to the use of it alcohol is as necessary as petrol to the motor-omnibus. Nothing is more irritating (I am told) than enforced abstinence, and Mr. Keir Hardie should know that a long sitting in the House of Commons is sufficiently maddening in itself to render the annoyances of faddists quite superfluous. I am not surprised that the Irishmen have signed Mr. Keir Hardie's pledge. An Irishman would sign anything in the enthusiasm of the moment. But it is a bitter blow to be told that the Labour Members, the champions of all that is strong, all that is sane, all that is non-faddy, all that is due by right of birth to the freeborn Englishman, should have tamely allowed themselves to be diddled out of their beer. It is certainly "going back on" the splendid fellows who have sent them to Westminster, and should cost them many votes at the next election. One thing alone can save them; they must at once take steps to legalise smoking in the House of Commons.

Extension Lectures and the Higher Education and all those sort of things notwithstanding, I am afraid that the science of logic, or the art of seeing both sides of a question, is still denied to the female sex. Take, for example, the sad case of the Australian lady who recently addressed a meeting held at Battersea Park by the Women's Social and Political Union. Said she: "If I get into a tramway-car I pay the same as a man; if I purchase a cup of tea I pay the same as a man; but when I go to work I am paid at a woman's wage." The fallacies in these little arguments are so pathetically obvious that I am almost ashamed to point them out. Still, somebody must do it, or the dear lady from Australia may go smiling about in the belief that she has clinched the whole subject in three lines. I may just remind her, then, that when she gets into a tramway-car she pays the same as a man, but she demands for her penny just six times as many privileges. She begins, for instance, by stopping the tram, more especially if it happens to be a horse-tram, just when it is labouring up a hill. Then she expects a seat inside the tram whether there is one vacant or not, and she has a way of looking at any man who is seated that turns him out of his place as surely as though she had run a pin into him. For the same penny, again, she is allowed to spread her damp skirts over a yard and a half of cushion, and shake her wet umbrella over the thin trousers of the old gentleman opposite who suffers from ague.

So much for the penn'orth of tramway-car. Now for the cup of tea. This is the way a man buys a cup of tea. He sidles sheepishly into the tea-shop, takes the seat in the draught of the door that everybody else—at least, all the women—have avoided, and says to the waitress, with a diffident smile, "Oh, would you give me a cup of tea, please?" The waitress, who returns the smile or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment with regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a bill, and sails away. The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill, and hurries from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea. She marches into the shop with a little boy one side of her and a little girl on the other:

"I want a table for three," she says, in the manner of one about to order a "freak" dinner at twenty guineas a head.

"Yes, Madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way?"

"Mummy," says the little boy, when at last the party is seated, and the attendant is waiting to take the twopenny order, "why has that lady got a turned-up nose?"

"Want a scone," complains the little girl.

"A pot of tea for one," orders Mummy; "and would you mind bringing an extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?"

"One tea and one milk?" asks the attendant.

"No, thank you. I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one, and an extra cup. That's all."

"Yes, Madam," says the meek attendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, let the stage be what it may.

"Just one moment," says Mummy, when the tea is brought. "I should like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a jug of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk."

Half-an-hour later she marches proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful and sat in a draught.

Finally, "When I go to work I am paid a woman's wage." True. But when you go to work, dear cousin, you do a woman's work. You are not asked to risk your life by clambering to the roof of a railway-station, or crawling, with bent back, through sewers, or stoking the engines of a great liner, or tramping country lanes by night in search of the vindictive poacher, or writing dramatic criticisms. Somebody, however, must do these things, and so they fall to the lot of the Man—the same Man who gets up in the tramway-car, tired out though he be, to offer you his seat, and who accepts the cup of tea that is set before him without grumbling. Believe me, you have much the better time of it, dear cousin, even though you are not allowed to put a notch against the name of the nice candidate with the brown beard who said that little Willie had his father's nose but his mother's intelligence.

Some people are always steeped, though, in self-pity. The latest person to clamour for sympathy is Mr. Carnegie. Speaking of some poet, Mr. Carnegie says: "He cannot know, as I do, how trifling are the advantages of wealth. He has to imagine one side." Very likely, but why "rub it in"? "Beyond a competence for old age," the multi-millionaire continues sadly—"and that need not be great, and may be very small—wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare." Well, if it comes to that, millionaires are not so very plentiful; but I have noticed that they are generally snapshotted with an expression on their faces that would pass very well for a grin. No, after thinking over Mr. Carnegie's plaint carefully, I am afraid that I cannot weep with him over the fact that he has got more money than he can spend. He must have known what he was doing when he set out to make a fortune. At any rate, he might very well have paused to consider how much more he required after putting by the first half-dozen millions. And, even now that the worst has come to the worst, there would seem to be a remedy. I imagine that some well-disposed man, such as the Bishop of London, would be prepared to take charge of the Carnegie millions for the benefit of the unemployed, and would dole out to Mr. Carnegie the "very small competence" that he considers necessary in old age to secure happiness. In the meantime, I will make him an offer. For every miserable millionaire that Mr. Carnegie can show me, I will find him a thousand equally miserable people who are fully endowed with the blessings of absolute penury.

A REAL "GIBSON GIRL" ENGAGED TO MR. WALDORF ASTOR.



MRS. NANNIE LANGHORNE SHAW, WHOSE BETROTHAL TO MR. W. W. ASTOR'S ELDEST SON
IS ANNOUNCED.

Mrs. Shaw is a Virginian, and, in company with her equally beautiful sisters, is familiar to all who know Charles Dana Gibson's work. She was first married when she was nineteen, in 1897, her husband being Mr. Robert Gould Shaw, a wealthy Bostonian; but her wedding did not lead to happiness, and in 1903 she was granted a divorce on the ground of desertion for three years, her only child, a son, remaining under her care. For the last two years Mrs. Shaw has lived in England, and has been frequently seen in the hunting-field.

Photograph by Lillie Charles

THE CLUBMAN.

Strange Faiths—"Sung Quong" and "Hoke"—Jews in the Army—Official and Unofficial Religions—Mr. Haldane and the Young Officers—St. Helena and Wei-Hai-Wei—A Chinese Bodyguard for the King?

SOME of the religions which the census has shown as having followers amongst our fellow-subjects are strangely named. No doubt "Sung Quong" as a belief is to be found in Hong Kong, but it sounds more like the name of the low-comedy Chinaman in a musical farce than the method by which any body of men hope to reach paradise. "Hoke" is another strange title. The great number of extraordinarily long names in the list of faiths would almost justify the Colonel of the old mess-room story, who professed himself unable to remember the names of the various religions to which the British soldier of those days might officially belong, and who on Sundays, when "breaking up" the church parade, would shout "Protestants stand fast. Roman Catholics fall in on the right flank. All other superstitions on the left."

In those days the Jewish faith was not acknowledged officially, and any man who declared himself to be a Jew was looked upon as a malingeringer who wished to escape the Saturday morning kit-inspection. I remember seeing on one fine Sunday morning a leg-weary

Frenchman have concerning us, and which the *Entente* has not swept away, is that no gentleman of the Hebrew race or Jewish religion is allowed to hold a commission in the British Army. When I told a French officer the other day that some of the smartest and cleverest officers of our Artillery and Engineers were of the Jewish faith and that others were to be found in every branch of the service, I could see that he thought I was saying the thing that is not, though he was too polite actually to say so.

I hear nothing but congratulations for Mr. Haldane, the War Minister, in the Service Clubs; the compliment to the thinking qualities of the young officer of to-day has come pleasantly after the torrent of contempt which not so long ago was poured on the heads of the men who have to lead squadrons and companies, and Mr. Haldane's desire to take the questions concerning the Army out of the fog of politics into the clearer atmosphere of patriotism is appreciated by every man who has ever worn the King's scarlet. When Mr. Haldane first went to the War Office, he said that he would read all the various plans and the correspondence concerning them—a monumental task; and that then he would hear what all the experts had to say on all the subjects. This work and this humility won for him, early in the day, the goodwill of the soldiers.

The abolition of the garrison of St. Helena does away with one of the dullest "detachments" the Army had to supply. One of the regiments at the Cape sent a company there, and that company did not find the island at all an amusing place. There is a very tall flight



WOMEN SUFFRAGISTS RAID THE PREMIER AT DOWNING STREET—AND ARE REMOVED BY THE POLICE.

Some thirty women suffragists met at Westminster Bridge Station on Friday last, and marched to 10, Downing Street, with the police on their heels. Arrived at the Premier's residence, they demanded an interview with Sir Henry "C.B.," but were denied their wish. Unwilling to take the refusal as final, the spokeswoman of the party refused to leave, with the result that the police intervened and took her in custody to Cannon Row. Two of her companions were arrested also. At the police-station their names and addresses were taken, and then they were released. It is understood that the object of the deputation was to ascertain why, when a deputation called at the House of Commons on the opening of Parliament, several of their number were forbidden entry to St. Stephens.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

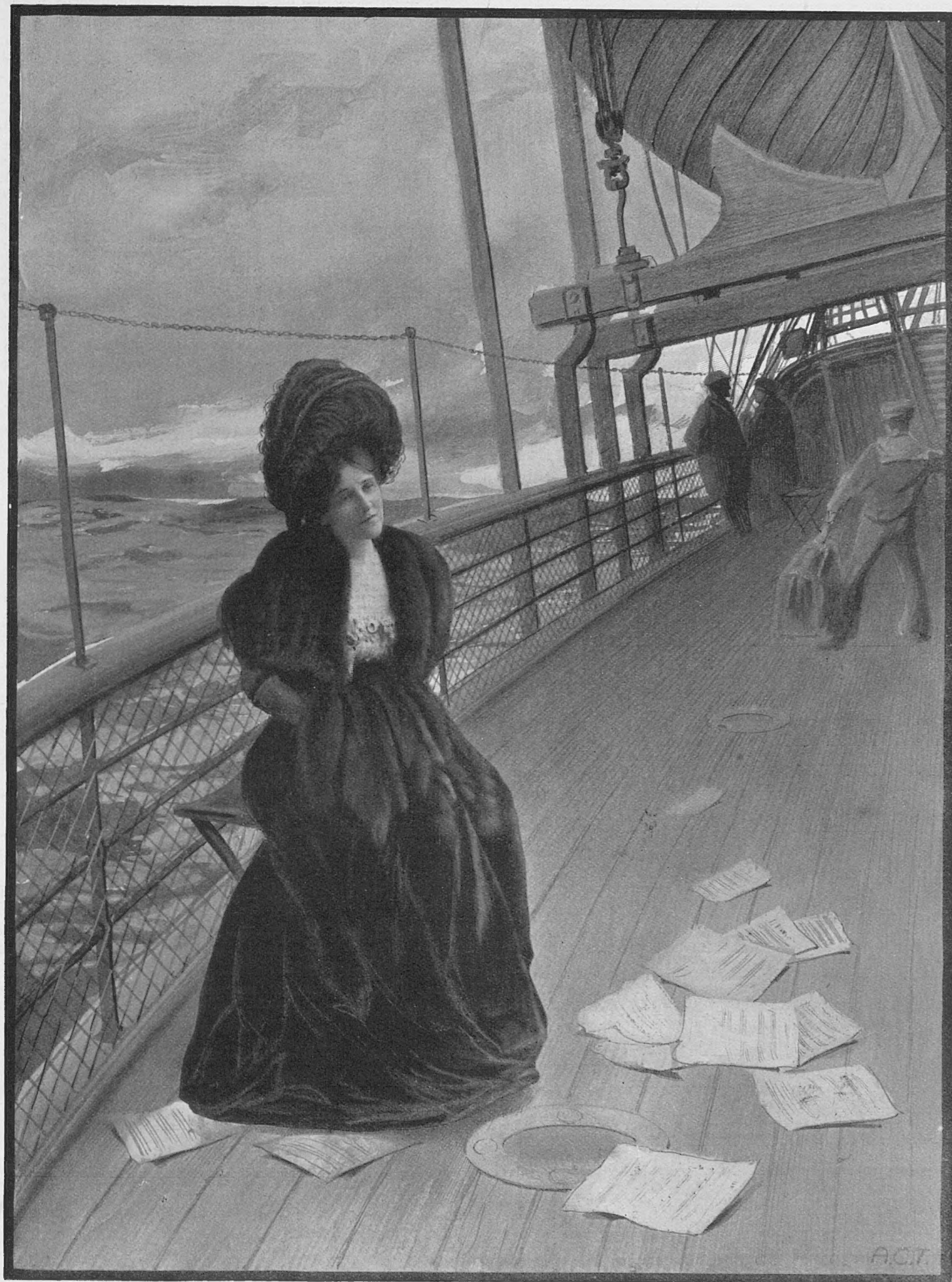
private being marched by a lance-corporal across the square in the barracks of a big garrison town, and the men of the regiment at the windows set up a derisive yell of laughter when they saw him. I was about to go round the dinners, and I asked the Sergeant-Major, who, very stiff and very smart, was in the centre of the square, what this chorus of laughter might mean. The great man allowed a suspicion of a smile to flit across his bronzed features, and then, with the Chesterfieldian politeness he employed towards young officers, replied, "It's this way, Sir. Private 1582 W. Smith came up before the Colonel on Friday and stated that he is a Jew, and wanted his Saturdays off. The Colonel he told Smith that to be a Jew was not recognised in the small books, but that he could have a choice of all the official religions; so he was marched at seven a.m. to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, he attended the Primitive Methodists at nine, he went to the Church of England at eleven, he's coming back from the Unitarians now, and he's got the Baptists, the Church of Scotland, and a few other faiths to attend in the afternoon."

It is needless, perhaps, for me to say that my story refers to a period some thirty years ago, and that now the Jewish soldiers in his Majesty's Army are given every opportunity to attend the services at a synagogue. How gallantly many of our soldiers of the Jewish faith fought in South Africa is shown by the long list outside the synagogue in Great Portland Street of those who gave their lives for King and country. One of the extraordinary beliefs which the

of stairs, and, of course, the spots which are associated with the captivity of the great Corsican are interesting as "show places"; but Napoleonic relics do not make amends for lack of sport and most of the other amusements of life. One comfortably figured Captain who had been a year at St. Helena told me that the only thing which kept him from committing suicide was that turtle was plentiful and cheap on the island.

The disappearance of Wei-Hai-Wei as a military station means the disbandment of one of the finest regiments in the British service—the Chinese Regiment. I suppose I should be considered to be stark, staring mad if I seriously suggested that a Chinese Regiment of Guards should be quartered in England, but I never saw finer or better disciplined soldiers than the men of North China are when they are under British officers. There was unlimited fine material to choose from at Wei-Hai-Wei, and the men enlisted were physically splendid. Nothing could differ more widely from the untravelled Englishman's idea of Ah Sing than the turbaned, determined-looking giants of the Chinese Regiment, and their officers were prepared to lead them with absolute confidence against any force in the world of like numbers. The Chinamen of the North could live in our climate, which the native of India cannot do, and if the Emperor of Russia has his bodyguard of Asiatics, why should not our King have his Chinese Guards? Perhaps, however, the servant-maids of London and Windsor and Dublin might protest, so I shall not press my suggestion.

HOW MISS EDNA MAY SPENT HER ATLANTIC VOYAGE— AS IMAGINED BY MR. FROHMAN.



MISS MAY LEARNING HER PART WHILE CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

PLANNED BY A "SKETCH" ARTIST, ASSISTED BY A PHOTOGRAPHER AND DETAILS FROM AN INTERVIEW.

A "Sketch" Artist—determined to be in advance of his fellows—has supplied us with the combined drawing and photograph reproduced above. It purports to show Miss Edna May rehearsing her part in "The Belle of Mayfair," which is to be seen at the Vaudeville. In the course of a recent interview, Mr. Charles Frohman said—"She ought to make a sensation on the ship, walking the deck learning her part by heart from the book, and throwing the pages she does not like into the sea." This "inspired" our contributor, who was aided also by a photograph by Sarony, which was supplied by Bassano.

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| NEW CROSS ... | 11 ¹⁰ 10 | LEWES ... | 10 10 |
| EAST CROYDON ... | 10 ⁴ 49 | EASTBOURNE ... | 10 25 |
| RED HILL ... | 11 ¹⁵ 15 | MARGATE SANDS ... | 10 5 |
| EDENBRIDGE ... | 10 57 | RAMSGATE TOWN ... | 10 15 |
| PENSHURST ... | 10 23 | CANTERBURY WEST ... | 10 50 |
| TONBRIDGE ... | 11 12 | CANTERBURY SOUTH ... | 11 8 |
| CHATHAM (M.L.) ... | 11 21 | DOVER TOWN ... | 11 50 |
| STROOD (N.K.) ... | 11 30 | FOLKESTONE JUNCTION ... | 12 0 |
| MAIDSTONE BARRACKS ... | 10 55 | FOLKESTONE CENTRAL ... | 2 15 |
| MAIDSTONE WEST ... | 11 3 | | 12 4 |
| ASHFORD ... | 11 25 | | 12 32 |
| HASTINGS ... | 11 30 | | 2 17 |
| | 12 20 | | 12 8 |
| | 11 20 | | 12 30 |
| | | | 2 21 |

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GENERAL NOTES.

THIRTEEN matinées of "Everyman" are to be given by Mr. William Poel during Lent. The first of these is fixed for to-morrow afternoon at the Coronet Theatre. This old morality play has had a great vogue since it was first produced, and has been followed with the closest interest by audiences not only on this, but the other side of the Atlantic, and even by those on the shores of the Pacific.

From America, that veritable mine of social surprises, come two announcements that will have wedding-bells as their sequel—granted that the enterprising journalists across the Pond have accurate information. They are that Mr. Waldorf Astor is engaged to Mrs. Nannie Langhorne Shaw, and that the Hon. Lionel Lambart is engaged to Miss Adelaide Randolph. The Astor-Shaw marriage will be of particular interest, not only by reason of the fact that Mr. Astor, as eldest son of Mr. William Waldorf Astor, is heir to many millions in decidedly gilt-edged securities, but from the fact that Mrs. Shaw is one of the beautiful Virginian sisters whose charms have been made familiar to the man and woman in the street by the pen of Charles Dana Gibson. Mrs. Shaw's first venture into matrimony was not destined to turn out happily; the young couple soon became estranged, and Mrs. Shaw was eventually granted a divorce, with the custody of her only child, a son, on the ground of desertion for three years. This was in 1903. For the last two seasons Mrs. Shaw has made this country her home, and has been prominent in the hunting-field. The betrothal of the Hon. Lionel Lambart—who, by the way, has amongst his Christian names the uncommon one, for a man, of Olive—is of much social importance, inasmuch as the bridegroom-elect is heir-presumptive to his brother, the tenth Earl of Cavan. His choice is curiously appropriate, for he was in the Navy for some years, and his bride-to-be is the stepdaughter of Mr. W. C. Whitney, Secretary of the United States Navy under President Cleveland.

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| From the Yalu to Port Arthur. William Maxwell. 10s. | The Fifth Queen, and How She Came to Court. Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. |
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| Literary Rambles in the West of England. Arthur L. Salmon. 6s. | DEAN AND SONS. |
| In the Roaring Fifties. Edward Dyson. 6s. | The Ancient Grudge. Arthur Stanwood. 6s. |
| BROWN, LANGHAM, AND CO. | BLACKWOOD. |
| The Sunset Trail. Alfred Henry Lewis. 6s. | Lady Sarah's Deed of Gift. E. Aceituna Griffin. 1s. 6d. |

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE sunny town in which our Sovereign is enjoying a well-earned holiday has many royal associations. The chief, of course, are connected with the Empress Eugénie, who used to call her Palace there "Mon Osborne," though scenery differing more widely in its main features than that of the Isle of Wight and that of the Basque country could scarcely be imagined. Napoleon III. shared his wife's love of

the charming watering-place, and both of them were more than popular in the neighbourhood. It was at Biarritz that the late King of Spain wooed the Archduchess Christina in much the same romantic, impetuous fashion as his only son has wooed his English bride. At the present time the social queen of Biarritz is a British Princess, for the gracious and charming woman who has been hostess to Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Ena, though the wife of Baron von Pawel-Rammingen, is by birth Princess Frederica of Hanover, and so closely connected with our Royal Family.

Some Royal Plans. Owing to the death of the late King of Denmark Queen Alexandra will live in considerable retirement this spring, and all royal functions at which her Majesty had hoped to be present have been postponed. On the other hand, the marriage of Princess Ena, though celebrated in Madrid, will be preceded by a brilliant series of dinners in London, and it is said that the great Roman Catholic nobility, headed, of course, by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, will emerge from the social seclusion in which so many of them elect to live. The return of the Prince and Princess of Wales will also be the signal for much social entertaining; thus it may be expected that the season of 1906 will be brilliant, in spite of the fact that the leading political hostesses are mostly "in Opposition," and no longer regard it as a duty to entertain.

Making History in New Spain. San Sebastian has been making history this last few days, or, at any rate, such part of San Sebastian as is Miramar Palace, where Princess Ena was received for her submission to the Church of Rome. It is

a new San Sebastian which King Edward and the Princess have been seeing—a new city erected upon the ruins of that which Wellington's troops visited with fire and sword. The Palace is as modern as the rest, and embodies the new spirit of Spain. Eighty-five thousand pounds was the sum devoted to its building, and for that amount the Queen got comfort and elegance rather than grandeur and sombre majesty. The King of Spain knows the place well; he has spent the latter part of each summer there since he was a babe. There the Court throws aside the terrible formality which convention demands shall be observed at Madrid. The air of San Sebastian, the bathing and freedom of life, have done more than anything else to make Alfonso XIII. the fine young fellow he is to-day. The new spirit of Spain manifested here is the commercial instinct expressed in prosperous saw and flour mills, breweries, manufactures of preserves, soaps, candles, glass, paper, and what not. And over the busy hive Miramar Palace, seated on the hill on the opposite side of the bay, smiles serenely, a new and happy home of a young and happy Sovereign.

The "Reigning Princess" at the White House.

President Roosevelt's eldest daughter, Alice, having now passed out of White House, another princess is to reign in her stead. This is Miss Ethel Roosevelt, Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt's second daughter. It is stated that she is to make her début shortly, but this exists more in the wishes of the curious than in probability. She is only fifteen, a bright, unspoilt girl, to whom her parents and numerous brothers are tenderly devoted. Mrs. Longworth is Mrs. Roosevelt's stepdaughter; Ethel Roosevelt is her own daughter, and has been screened, as far as possible, from the persistent paragraphist. Still, she has had more to do with privately assisting her mother in the official duties of White House than her famous sister. "I don't dance," says Mrs. Roosevelt. "Alice likes dancing, so she has done the dancing for White House." Ethel has been instrumental in easing her mother's labour in the matter of correspondence. This, in spite of the vigilance of a numerous clerical staff, is enormous, and the President's second daughter, looking over the letters which have passed the scrutiny of the officials, recognises in an instant those that her mother need see. She is just as much a romp as was her elder sister—her brothers see to that; and promises to be every bit as fine a sportswoman. In a favourite portrait this young lady is thought by some to bear a slight resemblance to Gorki, a resemblance that may be noted, if in less measure, in the photograph reproduced on this page.



THE "REIGNING PRINCESS" AT THE WHITE HOUSE: MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT.

Photograph by Frances Johnston.

The Saint of the Motor-Car.

Every industry in Roman Catholic countries has a patron saint, who protects those who take part in it. But motor-cars and chauffeurs would, one might imagine, be without such protection, for automobilism has arisen long since the age of saints. But the chauffeurs have adopted a saint for themselves, whether with or without his leave we cannot say, and in many motor-cars made on the Continent will be seen a large plaque of silver bearing the figure of St. Christopher, with the inscription, "Invoke St. Christopher and you will be protected." This plaque is supposed to be a sure preventive of accidents.



THE SCENE OF THE CONVERSION OF PRINCESS ENA TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM: THE MIRAMAR PALACE, SAN SEBASTIAN.

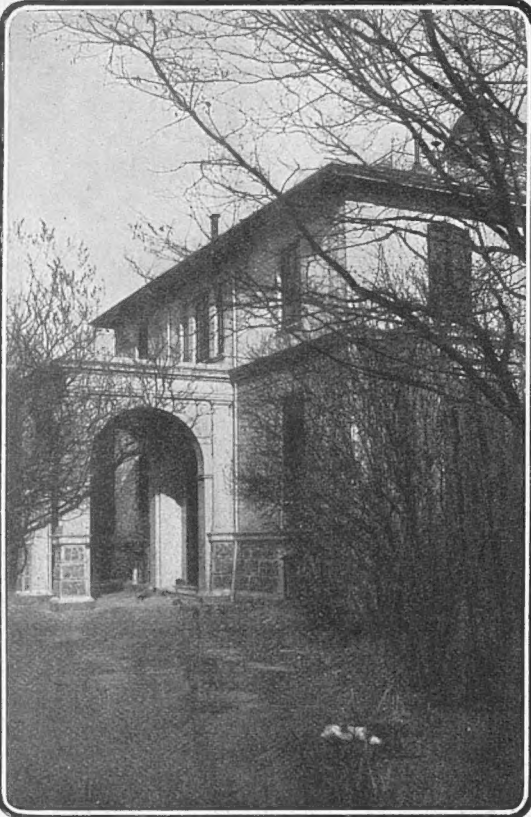
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE GRAND DUKE OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN, WHO HAS DEPRIVED HIS UNCLE OF THE CONTROL OF HIS PROPERTY.

Photograph by Heuschkel.

uncle whose extravagance he has taken so drastic a method to reprove is his heir should he and his pretty wife, a daughter of the Duke of Cumberland, die without heirs. Duke Frederick, who is just thirty years older than his stern nephew, married a Roman Catholic Princess, and, joining her faith, was deprived by the German Emperor of all his dignities in the national army. He and the wife for whose sake he gave up so much generally live in France, and, according to their family censor, are apt to spend too much money.



THE DANISH RESIDENCE PURCHASED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA: HVIDOERE.

As we noted in "The Sketch" the other day, the Queen and her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, have purchased a residence in Denmark for their joint use. The house is splendidly situated on the Sound, facing the Swedish coast, and is near the famous Kronburg Castle. It is known as Hvidoere.

Photograph by Topical.

German Court Gossip.

The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has made a sensation in miniature by depriving his uncle, Duke Paul, of the control of his own property. German Sovereigns, by their family statutes, have extraordinary powers over their relations: not only can they deprive them of their fortunes, but they can divorce them without recourse to the tiresome machinery of the law! The Grand Duke whose action has caused so much discussion is a nephew by marriage of Queen Alexandra; he is only twenty-four, and the

for their faculties. To the question, "Are you male or female?" one replied by describing some weird beast totally unknown to science. "Can you read or write?" was answered, "We are just learning." The author of these witticisms explained to a friend that in six months, when authority took cognisance of his paper, he would be no longer in the country. Prudent joker!

An Unconventional Professor.

Dr. William Osler, who has received the distinguished honour of being specially elected to the Athenæum under Rule II., is the hero of that absurd "too old at sixty" misunderstanding. His chaffing suggestion that people might be chloroformed out of existence at that age was gravely taken up as if it were a serious proposal. He is a very eminent savant, and has been wonderfully successful as a teacher of medical lore at various Canadian and American Universities. Oxford was lucky to get him as Regius Professor of Medicine in succession to Sir John Burdon-Sanderson. The Professor has a most unconventional style of lecturing, stimulating his hearers' thought and attention by a running fire of jokes and chaff mingled with the shrewd observation born of life-long study. He will himself, by the way, be sixty in three years or so.

Poet and Playwright.

French Census Jokes.

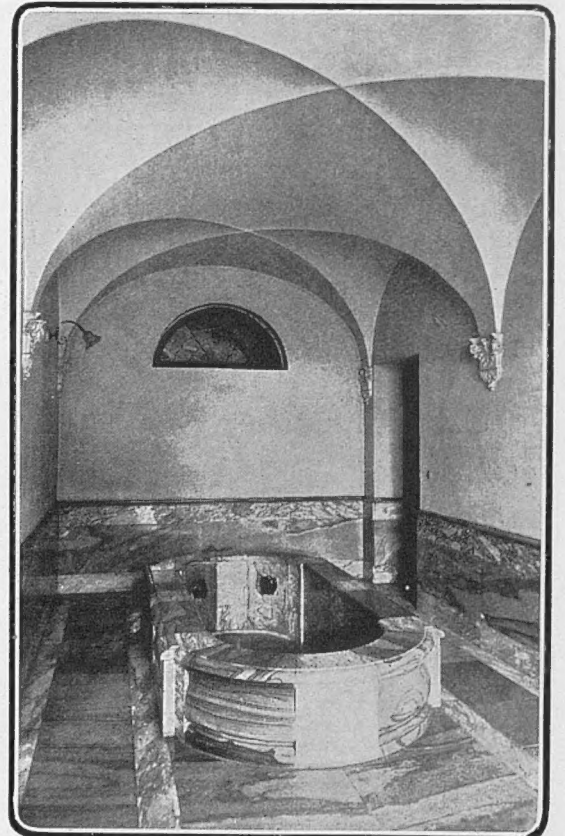
It was a little joke, of course, of our friends the Paris Press which suggested that the King filled up his census-paper like other Englishmen in France. An Embassy is extra-territorial; no census, therefore, applies to it, and his Majesty was not called upon to supply information to the framers of the national returns. A census-paper—especially a French census-paper—has its comic side. For instance, you are asked how many times you have been divorced, whether you can read or write, and if you are not blind or deaf and dumb. Certain of the facetious found excellent play

Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose little tragedy, "Paris and C'enone," was produced at a *matinée* last week by Miss Gertrude Kingston, is a "son of the manse," having been born in a country parsonage thirty-seven years ago. But he is a Londoner by adoption, having been bred up at St. Paul's School, and his beautiful "London Visions" prove how the mystery and romance of the great city have possessed his soul. He was a scholar of



A WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY MOTORIST AND WHIP: MRS. EGAN-NEWCOMB.

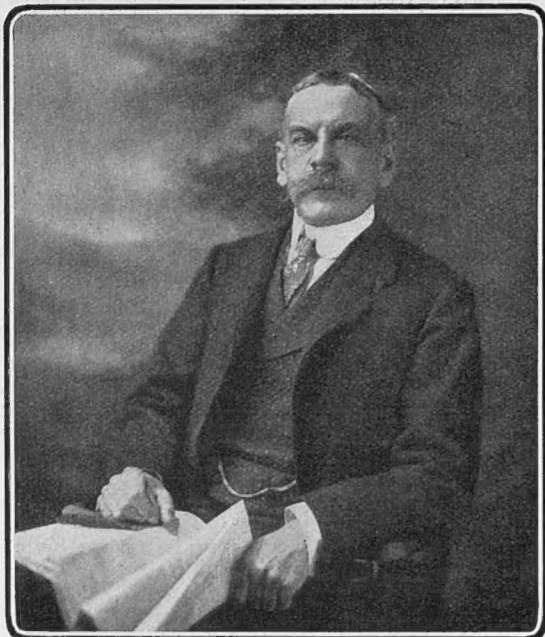
Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A LUXURIOUS BATH-ROOM IN A MAYFAIR MANSION: THE MARBLE BATH-ROOM AT 11, HILL STREET, BERKELEY SQUARE.

No. 11, Hill Street, Berkeley Square was recently put up to auction by Messrs. Collins and Collins, of South Audley Street. The bathroom, "about 22 ft. by 9 ft., with vaulted ceiling and sunk bath of pink and green marble, the floor and dado being of Cipolino and pink Norwegian marble," is one of the features of the house.

Photograph by Topical.



A LEADER OF ANGLO-RUSSIAN SOCIETY:
PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Trinity, Oxford, when the present Master of the Temple (Dr. Woods) was President thereof; and, although he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse, he is, nevertheless, a real poet. Among the prints at the British Museum he has found congenial employment, and perhaps he may live to be Sir Laurence Binyon, K.C.B. A strikingly handsome man, dark, with large, far-seeing eyes, he belongs, with his charming wife and pretty little twin daughters, to the literary and artistic colony of Chelsea.

An Anglo-Russian Alliance. Prince and Princess Dolgorouki are both of them distinguished and interesting people, as well as leaders, by rank and wealth, of the more cosmopolitan section of Society. The Princess, as the popular Miss Fleetwood Wilson, used to entertain a great deal, and quite a sensation was caused by her engagement to the Russian noble whose name she now bears. Anglo-Russian alliances are particularly unusual, and this is the more curious when it is remembered that the Tsar's subjects generally speak and write English perfectly. Prince Dolgorouki has written charming society verses in his wife's language, and while retaining the

splendidly courteous manners of the proudest of European aristocracies, he appears, when in his Scottish home, the beau-ideal of an English country gentleman. The Dolgoroukis have helped to make history in more than one European country, and several of the Prince's nearest relations hold posts at the Russian Court. He and his English wife are therefore often in St. Petersburg, where her Highness's grace and charm of manner have endeared her to many, while she has received marked signs of favour from the young Empress. Prince and Princess Dolgorouki are among the many well-known people who have adopted children, and they are both devoted to the pretty little girl who of late has become the belle of many a Mayfair children's party.

Bridal Twins. Captain William Ingilby and the Hon. Alberta Vivian, whose coming marriage is of much interest to the Court world—for Miss Vivian



A LEADER OF ANGLO-RUSSIAN SOCIETY:
PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the terrible Armenian massacres. In London he has had a quieter time, and it is significant that not only is he a member of the St. James's (that, of course), but the Turf, the Bachelors', and the United Service, the old "Senior," have opened to him their exclusive doors.

The New Italian Ambassador.

No better choice of a successor to Signor Pansa could have been made than Signor Tommaso Tittoni. This eminent statesman only recently resigned the Italian Foreign Office, which he had held for three eventful years, including that epoch-making visit of President Loubet to Rome. It is, indeed, a notable sign of Anglo-Italian friendliness that a statesman of his calibre should be sent to the Court of St. James's. Signor Tittoni is only fifty-one; he was married twenty years ago, and has a son and daughter. Oxford had a share in his education, as well as Rome and Liège, and he is known to be a warm friend of both France and Britain. Like his predecessor, he is entitled to wear the dark-blue riband, with the red, white, and red edging, of the G.C.V.O.—a reminiscence of King Victor Emmanuel's recent visit to this country. His Excellency is an enthusiastic motorist.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN WAX:
M. FALLIÈRES AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

Photograph by the Photo Press.

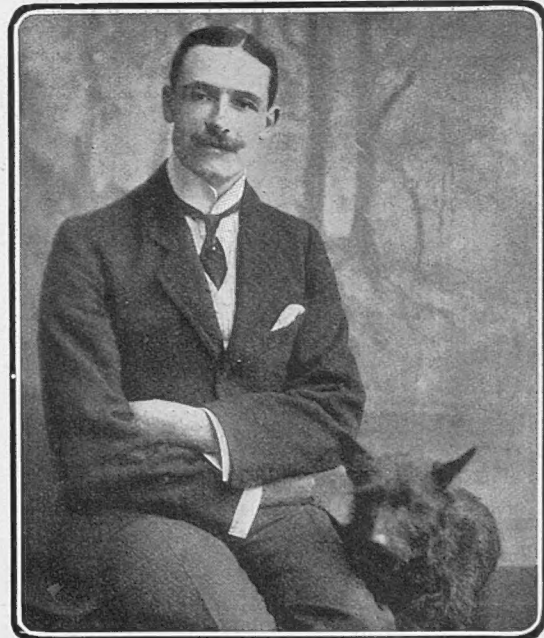
is the King's god-daughter—are both twins. The bridegroom-elect, who is in the Scots Guards, is an elder twin son, and the bride an elder twin daughter. Miss Vivian and her sister, now Mrs. Alexander Leith, were often confused with their namesakes, Lord Vivian's twin sisters, the more so that in each case the friendship and connection with Royalty was so close. King Edward and Queen Alexandra are both attached to Lady Swansea, and both her twin daughters received the honour of their sponsorship.

Signor Pansa. Everyone is sorry to hear that Signor Pansa has resigned the Italian Embassy, for both his Excellency and Madame Pansa, a Parmese lady, have made for themselves a distinct place in the great London world. Signor Pansa is sixty-two, and has been in the service of his country for more than forty years. He has a vivid recollection of stormy times at Constantinople, where he was Ambassador during



THE HON. ALBERTA VIVIAN, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO CAPTAIN WILLIAM INGILBY.

Photograph by Langflier.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM INGILBY, WHO IS ENGAGED
TO THE HON. ALBERTA VIVIAN.

Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.

*Threatening the
Stability of
Paradise.*

If he realise but the half of the handsome things expected of his reign, King Alfonso, inspired by his marriage to charming Princess Ena, will threaten the stability of Paradise. So, at any rate, the age-old legend of Spain suggests. When the Spaniards' patron, St. James of Compostella, died and entered Paradise, the Almighty—this legend believed of historians runs—wishing to express His appreciation of His apostle's righteous conduct on earth, offered to grant any petition he might then make. Still a Spaniard, though a saint, St. James invoked the divine blessing on Spain, begging that to her might be vouchsafed the bravest men, the fairest women, the healthiest climate, the most fertile soil, and, finally, a perfect government. At this latter request he was bidden desist. "All your wishes shall be granted with the exception of the last; for were I to



SWITZERLAND.—MLLE. KURBLI, WHO RESCUED
HER BROTHER FROM A CREVASSE.

Mlle. Kurbli's brother, a chamois-hunter, fell sixty feet into a crevasse while climbing the Sesvenna. His sister, fearing that something had happened to him in view of the fact that he did not return home, set out to find him, and, after climbing some 6000 feet, discovered him lying in the snow with a broken thigh. Then, after binding the limb in splints made from the wood of her alpenstock, she got him on her back and carried him down to the valley.

THE MOST TALKED-OF WOMEN IN
SWITZERLAND. BELGIUM. FRANCE.
AND ITALY.



BELGIUM.—MLLE. AVORSKA, WHO WON
THE £8000 PRIZE IN THE LIÈGE LOTTERY
THE OTHER DAY.

Each member of a theatrical touring-company which was recently playing in Brussels purchased a ticket in the Liège lottery, on the understanding that any winnings were to be divided equally among all. Appropriately enough, it was the leading lady of the company, Mlle. Avorska, who held the winning number. Each member of the company received about £240.

accord you that one also, all my angels would leave heaven and take up their abode in Spain." Patriots cherishing their national legend believe that the happy day is now at hand when the prayer of St. James may be favourably received, and their country be blessed with a perfect government under the bridegroom-elect. They agree that with the advent of Princess Ena one of the angels has already arrived.

War on Whitehall. If Mr. Lloyd-George has any faith in the idea of history's repeating itself he will have a careful watch set upon his office at the Local Government Board to-morrow. For that is the anniversary of the most sensational scene Whitehall has witnessed since Charles I. was executed. Three-and-twenty years ago to-day the clerks of the establishment—who are popularly supposed, like the fountains in the Square, to play from ten to four—were startled out of their known senses by a report which was heard over an area of three miles. It was dynamite. Parliament, which was sitting at the time, heard the noise distinctly, and sent its police



ITALY.—ITALY'S FIRST LADY-VOTER: DR. BEATRICE SACCHI.

The first lady-voter has now made her appearance in Italy, where, as a matter of fact, there is no law prohibiting women from taking part in elections. Dr. Beatrice Sacchi, who holds a doctor's degree and a professorship at Mantua, is the first woman to obtain political rights in Italy.

*The Guardian of
the German
War-Chest.*

It is well known that in the Julius Tower of the fortress of Spandau, not far from Berlin, is deposited the war-treasure of the German Government, which amounts to one hundred and twenty million marks. The guardian of the treasure was a non-commissioned officer named Fettchenhauer, who has just died. He was the officer who superintended the removal of the gold when it was first placed in the Julius Tower, and every day, in company with an officer of the guard, he examined each of the twelve hundred safes, which hold one hundred thousand marks in gold apiece. As he was held responsible for the treasure, not even the highest authorities of the Empire were permitted in the vaults without his being there. This enormous mass of bullion tempted many expert thieves; but though many plots are said to have been made for carrying off the treasure, no one



FRANCE.—"THE HAT-PIN QUEEN": MLLE.
BONPAIRE, WHO RECENTLY DEFEATED
TWO APACHES.

Mlle. Bonpaire, who is an actress, was returning home at two in the morning when she was attacked in the Boulevard Grenelle, Paris, by two Apaches. At a loss for another weapon, she drew the pin from her hat, and stabbed one of her assailants in the head. The police then came to her rescue. The exploit has earned her the name of "The Hat-pin Queen."

ever succeeded in evading the vigilance of the guardian, and the safes will be taken over intact by the successor to Fettchenhauer.

*A Bishop of
Battles.*

The Bishop of Nottingham, who has been superintending the conversion of Princess Ena of Battenberg to the Roman Catholic faith, is a handsome, white-haired prelate of charming and courtly manners. Like the late Bishop Bellord, of "Gib.," Dr. Brindle, who will be seventy next year, has smelt powder with a vengeance. As an Army chaplain he has often ministered to the sick and wounded on the field of battle, and there can have been few Army chaplains who have been more beloved both by officers and men. Indeed, the Bishop in full dress would positively blaze with medals and decorations, won on many a stricken field in Egypt and the Soudan, and including the white enamelled gold cross of the D.S.O., and the Orders of the Osmanieh and the Medjidieh. On the death of Cardinal Vaughan it was thought that he would have been appointed Archbishop of Westminster; he will now certainly receive a high Papal decoration.

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



The Hon. Jimmy Keppel
(Mr. Gerald du Maurier).

Peggy
(Miss Marie Tempest).

Lucas
(Mr. Richard Haigh).

"ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY" INFORMS THE HON. JIMMY KEPPEL THAT SHE HAS PASSED THE NIGHT IN HIS ROOMS, WAITING FOR HIM TO COME HOME, AND INVITES HERSELF TO BREAKFAST WITH HIM AND TALK OVER THE SITUATION.



The Hon. Jimmy Keppel.

Peggy.

PEGGY, IN A FIT OF IMPETUOSITY AND MISUNDERSTANDING, TEARS UP THE SPECIAL LICENCE BOUGHT FOR HER BY JIMMY KEPPEL, BUT, ON RECOVERING HERSELF, SUGGESTS THAT IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO PASTE THE DOCUMENT TOGETHER AGAIN, AND HELPS KEPPEL COLLECT THE FRAGMENTS.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



By E. A. B.

Behind the Scenes. We have just seen three well-known journals in the Courts in rapid succession, each upon an application to commit its editor. The editor has to risk in the discharge of his responsibilities. The good an editor does is buried in his columns; the like fate frequently attends the work of his contributors. It was a chivalrous instinct which prompted the writing and publication in the *Quarterly* of Gladstone's review of Sir George Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay. In the latter Croker cut a rather sorry figure—we all know how Macaulay disliked the man. It was to relieve the distress of Mrs. Croker that that article was written by Gladstone and published by Mr. Murray. It was an appreciation of the biography, but at the same time it did justice to Croker and made his widow happy.

A Queen as a Duke. The style assumed by the King for his Continental trip, that of the Duke of Lancaster, was once the subject of an interesting little controversy. Lord Cross, when Home Secretary, gave a toast at a Birthday dinner, the toast of "The Queen—Duke of Lancaster." There were Judges and other men learned in law among the guests, and the toast nearly lifted them from their seats. Queen Victoria a Duke? Impossible. The title Duke of Lancaster merged in the Crown. But Lord Cross was certain of his ground. It was demonstrated that, had her late Majesty ceased to be Queen, she would still have remained Duke of Lancaster to the end of her days.

A Child's Mind. It is a pretty theme which Mr. J. W. Slaughter has chosen for his lecture of to-morrow evening, "Imagination in Childhood." Children are so wonderfully Chestertonian. "I don't like the dark," said a little maid of this writer's acquaintance, "because it gets in my light." In the way of children's answers, however, none is more delightful than that of the demure, well-behaved little maid who, when out for tea, refused to take a sandwich, because she had not a fork. "Fingers were made before forks," said her hostess encouragingly. "Not my fingers," was the reply.

Effect and After-Effect. The imagination of childhood played a part in a case in which Lord Brampton, when Mr. Henry Hawkins, appeared to defend a man indicted for murdering his wife. The two children of the prisoner appeared in Court in black and weeping bitterly. Hawkins, aided to no small extent by the sobs of his little allies, got the man acquitted, and that night was complimented upon his success by a resident. "But," added his

friend, "I don't think you would have painted the little home in such glowing colours if you had seen what I saw last week when I was driving past the cottage. The little children who sobbed so violently in Court this morning, and to whom you made such pathetic reference, were playing on an ash-heap near their cottage. They had a poor cat with a string round its neck, swinging backwards and forwards, and as they did so they sang—

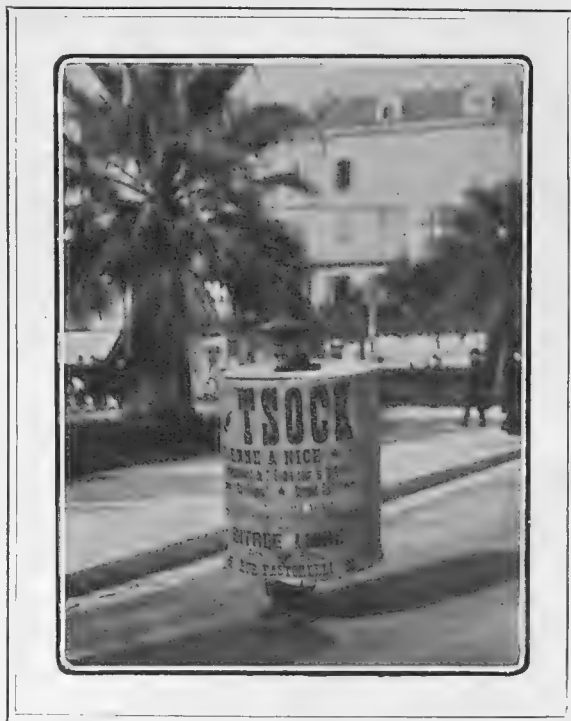
This is the way poor daddy will go,
This is the way poor daddy will go!

That was how their feelings found vent in their own home."

Spelling—New Style. Professor Skeat's lecture on spelling reform at the British Academy this afternoon should be interesting in view of the new list of spellings recently decided upon in America. Dr. Furnivall, more courageous than some of the spelling reformers, puts his aspirations to actual use. Thus, in his foreword to the alleged Browning Life of Strafford, he describes a transaction: "Forster thankt his young friend heartily; Browning put the Strafford papers under his arm, walkt off, workt hard, finisht the Life, and it came out to time in 1836, to Forster's great relief, and past under his name." Browning and spelling revolution do not seem to fall naturally into the same category—imagine his poems in Dr. Furnivall's style! The idea would

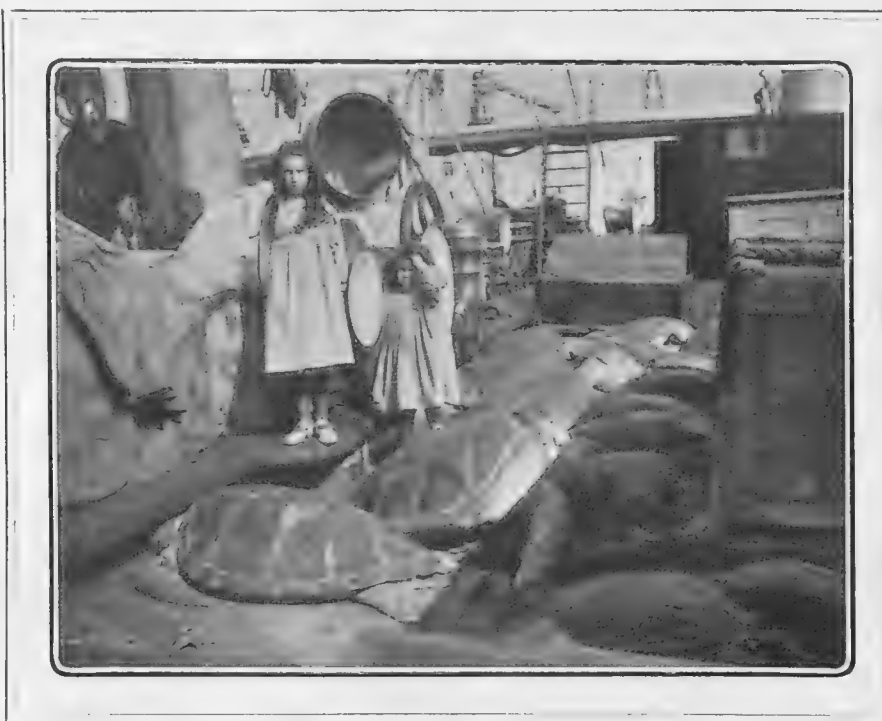
have been as surprising to him as the remark of the lady whom he had to take in to dinner at a certain house. "You are a poet, are you not?" she inquired. "Well, people are sometimes kind enough to say that I am," he answered. "Oh," she said, "don't mind my having mentioned it; you know Lord Byron was a poet!"

Variegated Mourning. The Court goes out of mourning for King Christian IX. to-morrow, to the infinite relief of West-End shopkeepers. Statisticians have estimated the loss to trade resulting from Court mourning, and produce quite startling figures. The case might be different were the hues for mourning bright and picturesque, as they are in other lands, or even white, as was once the order in England. A famous contemporary of Miss Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Seacole, the mulatto nurse in the Crimea, relieved the gloom of many a brave man's funeral by the compromise to which she had recourse. No matter what the colour of her costume, her bonnet was always gay with colour. The more exalted the dead, the brighter was her headgear. She excelled herself at Lord Raglan's funeral, at which the ribbons in her bonnet would have shamed the rainbow.



THE LATEST THING IN SANDWICH-MEN: THE NEW FORM OF WALKING ADVERTISEMENT AT NICE.

Photograph by Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE GUILDHALL—AND THE SOUP-TUREEN: TURTLES ON BOARD A VESSEL JOURNEYING FROM THE WEST INDIES.

✿ ✿ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✿ ✿



THE LADY WHOSE COSTUME DISPLEASED THE RUSSIAN POLICE: Mlle. LADOISKA.

Mlle. Ladoiska appeared at a recent carnival ball in a dress covered with allegorical pictures of a political nature. Secret detectives immediately escorted her home, and the dress was confiscated. On the following evening she wore another costume, which repeated the offence. This was seized also.



NUNS WHO LOOK LIKE MEN: SOME OF THE RELIGIOUS OF CEYLON.

The Buddhist nuns whose portraits we give belong to a religious caste beloved by Europeans and natives alike for their kindness to the poor. They keep their heads shaved, and eschew all speculation about God and the universe, preferring to set themselves solely to charitable works, which in their case are many and varied.



ABYSSINIA'S ADVOCATES OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

These two ladies of the Emperor Menelik's Court are pioneers of women's rights in Abyssinia. They superintend the work of two Fowler traction-engines, which have been in use on the roads of Adis Abeba for some months past. By means of the engines communication is maintained between the railway terminus at Direddawa and Menelik's capital.



LASHED INTO WAVES BY THE WIND: EXTRAORDINARY SAND FORMATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

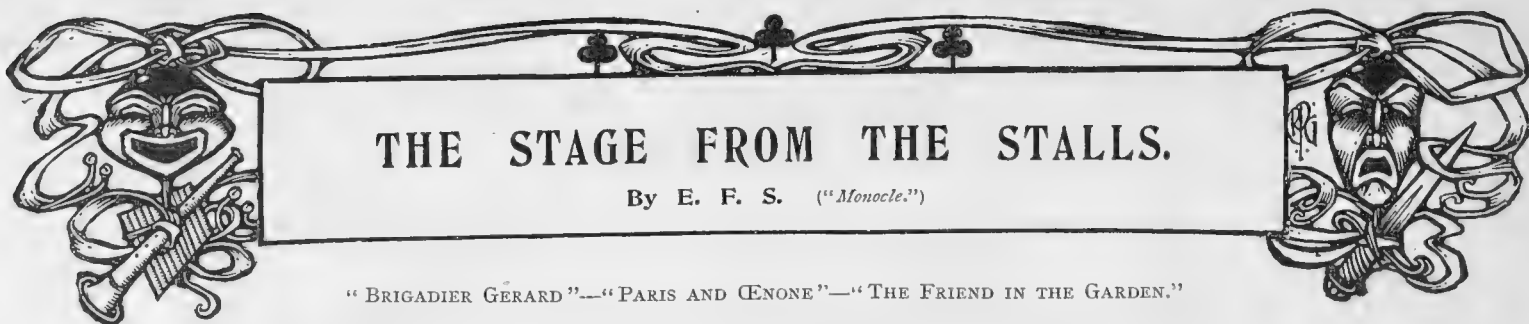
"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the dunes are created by the action of the wind on the sand which is washed up by the waves. . . . Picturesque as is the view among these sand-ridges, unfortunately they afford a perplexing problem for residents in this vicinity to solve, as they frequently overwhelm the railroad tracks, and would engulf buildings if steps were not taken to prevent their encroachment." Our reproduction is made by courtesy of the *Scientific American*.



"BORN WITHIN A DAY'S MARCH OF THE NORTH POLE": SOME OF THE SAMOIEDES WHO INHABIT THE EXTREME NORTH-EAST OF RUSSIA.



AN EXTRAORDINARY MASK AND DRESS, REPRESENTING THE RAVEN, USED AT RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES BY THE NATIVES OF COLOMBIA.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"BRIGADIER GERARD"—"PARIS AND CENONE"—"THE FRIEND IN THE GARDEN."

SIR CONAN DOYLE is alleged to have said, when speaking of his new piece, "Brigadier Gerard," that his experience as dramatist is not big, and that the Imperial Theatre play is the first "whole-evening play" written by him. According to my recollection he has written, in collaboration with Mr. J. M. Barrie, "Jane Annie," and "Foreign Policy," a comedietta, alone. Both were given in 1893, and "A Story of Waterloo" was produced the next

year. Then, in 1899, a comedy called "Halves" was produced at the Garrick, and the authorship ascribed to Conan Doyle, and, whether or no there was a curtain-raiser in the programme, the piece was a full three or four decker. Apparently, "Sherlock Holmes," in collaboration with Mr. William Gillette, was the next venture in the theatres. So one can hardly call the popular Knight quite a tyro, or find in his inexperience an excuse for the style of "Brigadier Gerard." "Excuse" may seem a strong word to apply to what promises to be a successful play. It is, however, difficult not to feel disappointed at finding that when one of our most popular

writers—a storyteller, indeed, whose success has even earned him a knighthood—condescends to turn his attention to the stage, he treats it so scornfully. If, taking advantage of our deplorable Copyright Laws, some experienced pirate had laid hands upon one of the "Brigadier Gerard" stories we should have had the sort of thing that is now running at the theatre associated in the memory of the elder playgoers with the name of Marie Litton. In one respect all parties connected with the affair are lucky. This sort of melodrama has been out of fashion so long that there are hosts of playgoers quite new to the tricks in it, and thoroughly amused by them; whilst even the old birds have a kind of friendly feeling towards what seems to them a kind of revival.

Preferable to the success of Sir Conan Doyle is the failure of Mr. Maurice Hewlett in "Pan and the Young Shepherd," except, of course, from the box-office point of view. Perhaps part of the critics' disappointment was due to the attitude of the audience. From time to time we have a wave of optimism, and believe that there is a market, a real paying, popular market, for serious drama, a market which might justify the establishment of a national, or at least a municipal, theatre, with a burden on tax or rate payers; and then come events which show that even such a specialised house as a fashionable first-night audience welcomes a play which, in relation to real drama, stands as a shilling shocker to a novel by one of the comparatively numerous living writers who, if they had lived a hundred years ago, would rank among the immortals.

However, the fact remains that "Brigadier Gerard" is not a bad specimen of its class, and, despite its many absurdities, amused and interested—perhaps even excited—the audience. One may even doubt whether the playgoer would have been as well pleased if it had been treated honestly as a burlesque of romantic comedy. Many were delighted by the *panache* of the gallant blockhead, and hardly noticed that his triumph was due to mere accident. Mr. Waller certainly gave some hints of humour, but in

the main was the romantic, brave fellow that the ladies love; and Miss Evelyn Millard realised the beautiful lady charmingly. Mr. Edward O'Neill as the Talleyrand who has a kind of purgatory in always being shown as a fatuous fool acted very well, and the suggestion made by some that he was rather too melodramatic seems unjust. I think the same may be said of Mr. A. E. George, the latest of the Napoleons—of the stage. Mr. Shiel Barry played skilfully as one of the secret police without whom plays of this class are considered incomplete.

So far as names go the week has been very distinguished, since, in addition to Sir Conan Doyle, two other well-known men of letters presented novelties—Messrs. Laurence Binyon and E. F. Benson. Miss Gertrude Kingston gave a hearing to the two last-named at her matinée, and was not quite adequately rewarded for her courage and devotion to art. "Paris and Cenone" seemed a rather anæmic treatment of a strong little story of love, resentment, and remorse. A number of pleasing terms, such as "classic in feeling," "correct," and the like might be used, but the tragedy was rather stagnant. Vainly did Miss Kingston attempt with much ability to present the passionate, deserted wife of the faithless Paris, and fruitless, too, were the rather too robust efforts of Mr. Matheson Lang to reincarnate the man who caused the ruin of Troy: we listened with respect, without enthusiasm, and coldly judged the real charm of verse which never quivered with life, never appeared to come from the hearts of the people. Miss Kingston, if a little uncertain in the control of her voice, gave a very able piece of acting, and Miss Roxy Barton looked lovely as the naughty Helen. Still, Mr. Binyon deserved a hearing: he has aimed high, and there is nothing ignominious in the failure of his first attempt to seize the curious secret of the stage.

Mr. Benson's work, "The Friend in the Garden," was another experiment worth making, but not quite successful. Somehow, the idea of Death in form of "The Woman in White" talking with a man in evening dress and persuading him to accept her fatal caress failed to be "shuddery"; and when the Death actually sat on a chair the piece really collapsed; after that the emotion won was only curiosity till the last moment, when a vivid little bit of acting by Miss Irene Rooke, who played very cleverly, stirred the languid house. Mr. Dennis Eadie acted ably, and so too did Miss Wynne-Matthison and Mr. Corbett. The end of an interesting programme was Mr. Shaw's little farce, "How he Lied to Her Husband," already known by Court Theatre patrons—a boisterous, clever piece, somewhat uncertain in humour, with a daring comic central idea of the husband indignant because a poet, fearful of vengeance, denied that he had written amatory verses to his wife, and actually violent because the writer had not paid her the compliment of insulting her. Miss Gertrude Kingston was quite brilliant as the wife; Mr. Granville Barker, with some burlesquing of "Candida," was very amusing; and Mr. Poulton acted the husband's part perfectly.



THE IDEAL ADELPHI HEROINE'S RETURN TO LONDON: MISS JESSIE MILLWARD, WHO OPENED A SEASON AT THE SCALA ON SATURDAY LAST WITH "THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS."

Miss Jessie Millward, who played so many beautiful and tearful heroines to the gallant and breezy heroes of William Terriss when the Adelphi was the home of melodrama, left London for America almost immediately after Mr. Terriss was stabbed, and Saturday last marked her return to this country. Her part in "The School for Husbands" does not belong to the class she portrayed so well when London last saw her, as she is desirous of devoting herself entirely to the cause of comedy.



MISS GRACE LANE, WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING AGLAË IN "PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD," AT THE COURT.

On page 3 of our Supplement we give a photograph of Miss Grace Lane as Aglaë.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE LEGAL FACE IN WOMAN: SOME FRENCH PORTIAS.



1. MME. M. GAILLAUD.

Studied at Toulouse; advocate 1904; member of the Perpignan Bar.

2. MME. OLGA LICHINE.

Russian; studied at Montpellier; advocate 1903, but, as an alien, cannot practise at the French Bar; left her studies in Paris to join the Russian forces in Manchuria as a nurse.

3. MME. GUEBEL DE LA RUELE.
Studied in Paris; advocate in 1905; member of several sociological societies; not attached to any Bar.

4. MME. VIALLA MARTIN.
Studied in Paris; advocate in 1904; Doctor of Law (1st part) in 1905; not attached to any Bar.

5. MME. MARGUERITE DILHAN.
Studied at Toulouse; advocate 1902; Doctor of Law (1st part) 1903; member of the Toulouse Bar.

6. MME. JEANNE CHAUVIN.
Studied at Paris; advocate 1890; Doctor of Law 1892; member of the Paris Bar since 1900.

A LONDON IDYLL.



LADY (*About to purchase the song "Because," and desirous of making certain that the hawker has the right version*):
 Is it "Because I Love Thee"?
 HAWKER: No, lidy. "Because Gawd Mide Thee Mine."

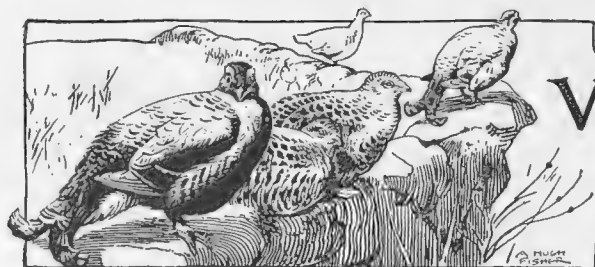
DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

DUTY BEFORE ALL.

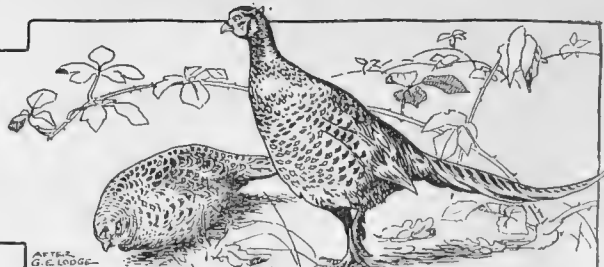


THE SURREY POLICEMAN: It's no use you hidin', Sir. I must 'ave yer name an' address.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



WEEK-END PAPERS



By S. L. BENSUSAN.

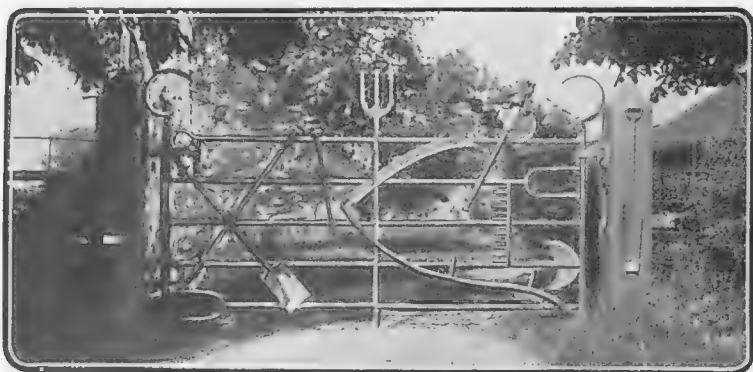
White Rabbits, and the Persistence of Colour.

Since I wrote about white rabbits I have had the opportunity of discussing the question with a friend who has had between thirty and forty years' experience in game-preserving, and he tells me that from time to time at long intervals he has found rabbits that were nearly white living with the greys and blacks. Their presence was not to be accounted for by any imported strain, but, on the other hand, they were not perfectly white, having a few brown markings on the hinder limbs. He noticed, as I had noticed, that these rabbits were particularly careful, and that they did not move freely in any direction. At the same time their presence on the hill-side in a country that was not free from poachers was very welcome to him. "When I saw the white rabbits feeding in the early morning or late evening," he remarked, "they served for a sign that nothing was wrong, because had there been the least occasion for alarm they would have been underground." My friend's theory, which is well worthy of attention, is that colour persists at intervals through long generations. He tells me that he put down some black rabbits nearly fifteen years ago, and finding that they were undersized and would not bolt freely from ferrets, he shot or trapped all of them, and yet every

stoats and weasels are most affectionate parents, and will make the pluckiest defence of their little ones.

Sparrow Netting.

A correspondent sends a very interesting reminiscence of the early days of the nineteenth century, when sparrows were in particularly ill odour with farmers and gardeners. He tells me that the churchwardens of those times were empowered to provide the men and boys of villages with nets wherewith to catch the birds, and that they were allowed to pay a certain price per dozen out of the Church rates for all sparrows taken. The nets used in those days were far more elaborate than those that do service to-day, and then, as now, a lighted lantern served to attract the startled birds as they came out of the ivy or the wheat-stack. My correspondent points out, and very properly, that the popular belief justified the destruction of these sparrows, and that, when properly dressed and roasted, or made into pie or pudding, the birds formed a most appetising dish. Of course, the question of the sparrow is a very vexed one. It is hard to find half-a-dozen people who share the same views about the question. Many would destroy every sparrow that is to be seen; others—and I cannot help thinking these are the wiser—realise that the sparrow removes countless grubs and worms and flies from land that has too many, and that, if kept within reasonable bounds, he may well be pardoned for the little harm that he does. I do not know quite how the Londoner looks at the matter, but for myself, who am a



A "FREAK" GATE MADE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

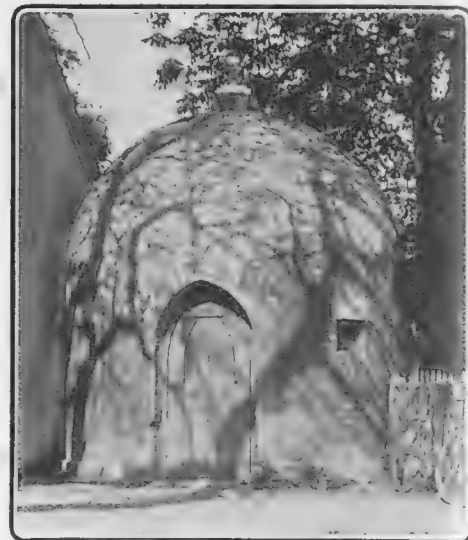
This curious gate is to be seen near Tring.

Photograph by Brunell.

year since then he has found a few blacks among the greys, often no more than half-a-dozen. Although he has destroyed these carefully, in order, if possible, to remove all black rabbits from the land, they come back season after season just a few at a time, and all undersized, although the parent black rabbits were destroyed so many years ago. This theory of the persistence of colour, in spite of persecution, may, of course, account for the presence of the pure white rabbits to which I referred last week.

Trapping Vermin.

Now is the time when war should be waged against ground vermin. If you do not kill your stoats and weasels in these days the chances are that you will have no further opportunity of destroying them effectively. The first stoat or weasel will come readily enough to a trap that is baited with rabbit, or, indeed, with flesh of any sort; and as soon as one has been taken it is no difficult matter to kill a large number, for of all baits that will attract the live stoat or weasel a dead stoat or weasel is the most attractive. This is probably because the males and females are now more interested in each other than they have been at any time since last year's spring, and their sense of smell is so extraordinary that they can find their way with very little difficulty to where one of the opposite sex is lying. It is quite doubtful whether they realise the significance of death. Once by the dead, they are too interested or too excited to avoid a trap that has been set down by skilled hands; but it is always better to wear gloves when putting traps down, or to rub the hands very thoroughly in earth, in order that the human taint may not be too noticeable. For weasel and stoat there can be little sympathy, though doubtless they have their place in Nature's scheme of things and do good in ways that are not always recognised. But the amount of harm they will work on preserved land is incalculable, and if they are allowed to make headway they will increase and multiply at a rate that is bound to prove fatal to shooting prospects. Neither stoat nor weasel remains content to kill for food; the hunting instinct would appear to run riot in their blood, and to kill for the sake of killing seems to be the chief aim and end of both. It is much kinder to track them before the spring litters have come into the world, because both



A TEMPORARY CAGE FOR GAOL-BIRDS: THE OLD LOCK-UP AT SHENLEY.

Photograph by Brunell.



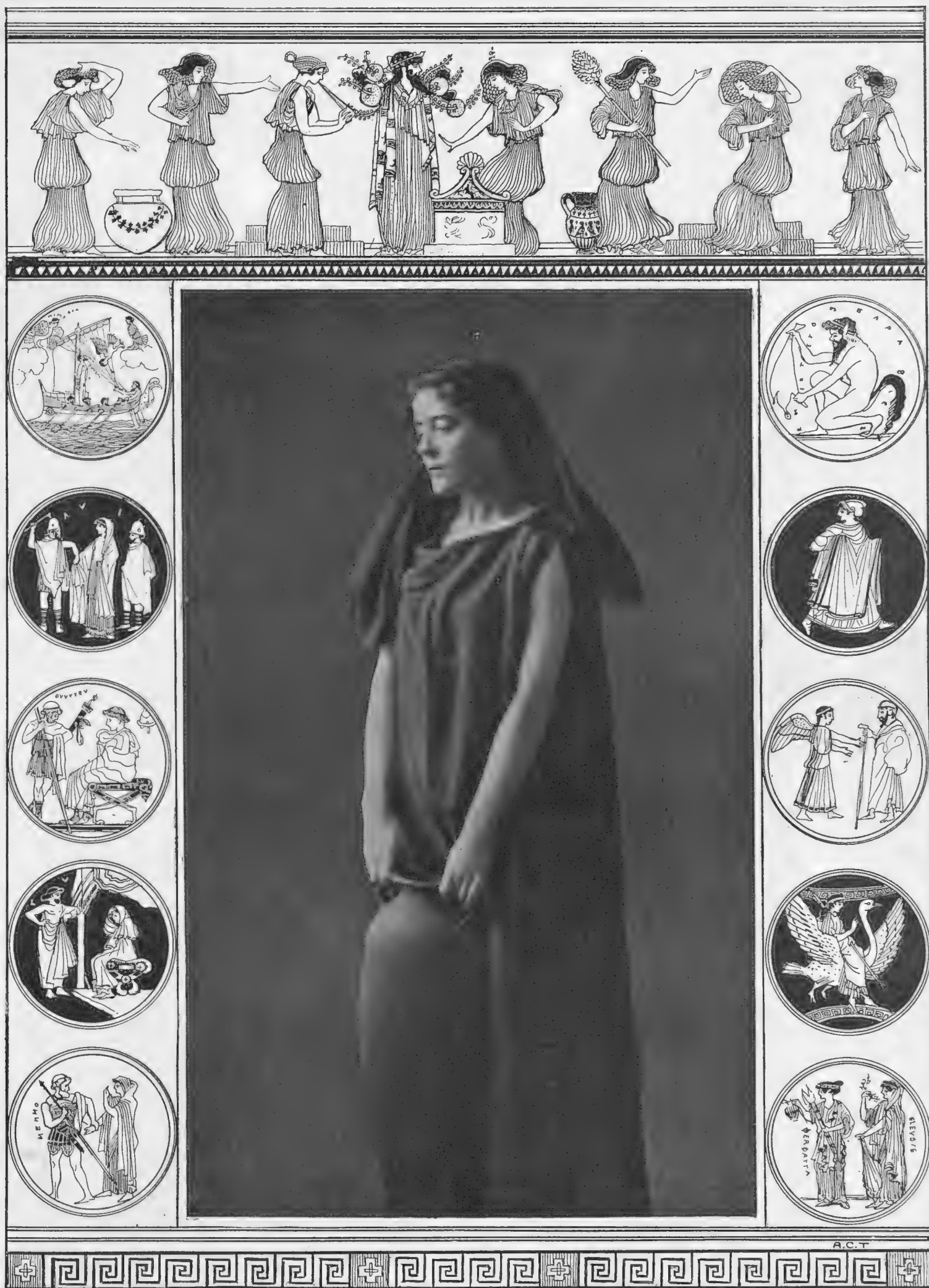
PURCHASED BY THE BENEDICTINES FOR £30,000: APPLBY HOUSE, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Appley House, which has a splendid view of the Solent, was for some years a famous yachting residence. Then it became the Isle of Wight College. Now it has been purchased for use as a Benedictine convent. It has a beautiful park and pleasure-ground of some twenty acres, which, for the greater privacy of the inmates, is to be surrounded by an eight-foot wall.

Photograph by Parnell.

Londoner by compulsion for part at least of every week, I say, without hesitation, that I should be very sorry to see the last of my friend the sparrow, who helps to give to London streets and squares a touch of gaiety with which they could not well dispense.

THE "ELECTRA" OF EURIPIDES, AT THE COURT.



MISS EDITH WYNNE-MATTHISON IN HER GREAT CHARACTER-STUDY, ELECTRA.

The Border Design is based on material in Mr. Percy Gardner's admirable "Grammar of Greek Art," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE spring announcements are most satisfactory. Fiction and reprints are very prominent, but there is a fair proportion of other books. Among them these may be noted: Mr. Quiller Couch's volume on George Eliot; the Life of Charles Lever as recorded in his Letters; a Study of Rousseau by Frederika Macdonald; Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's great work on "Morals in Evolution"; and "The Criticism of Life" by the versatile and indefatigable Dr. Emil Reich.

In the memoir of Professor Henry Sidgwick, which has been written by his wife and his brother, and published by Messrs. Macmillan, there are several interesting literary allusions. Sidgwick was a philosopher and an educationist, but he was something more. He had a genuine conception of literary values, and could express his views with subtlety and precision. There are several references to George Meredith. One is very creditably early, for it is dated 1865, a time when almost all the world was blind to Meredith's genius. Sidgwick writes: "Tell Arthur to beg, borrow, or steal 'Emilia in England'; it had such an effect on me that I employed my spare cash in buying up the man's other works." At that time second-hand copies of these other works—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," and "Rhoda Fleming" were acquired for less than a shilling a volume in first editions. It is somewhat strange that Sidgwick did not care for "Harry Richmond." It left him "with a painful sense of genius wasted. It is not merely that his plot as well as his style is a series of conundrums, but that his imagination, though as comprehensive and definite as ever, seems to have less and less relation to the truth of human life. I still think him one of the very few men of genius of the age, but he has not got the Root of the Matter." Later on, in 1886, Sidgwick met Meredith at Leslie Stephen's house. He liked the novelist, but was somewhat disappointed in his conversation: "He was not affected or conceited, and talked fluently, but not exactly with ease, nor did his phrases seem to me often to have any peculiar aptness; once or twice there was an amusing stroke of humorous fancy, as when he talked of an unhappy singer's voice being 'like the soul of a lemon in purgatory,' but these things did not come often." I should say that the only qualification of the delight of those who have listened to Mr. Meredith's conversation is the misery they feel in the assurance that they will never be able to reproduce his brilliant sayings in his own brilliant words. Happily, however, Mr. Meredith has written very many letters.

Another allusion which in present circumstances has an interest of its own is to the first prose work of Mr. Arthur C. Benson: Mr. Benson has succeeded in popularising a kind of literature which in his hands might almost be called new—that of feigned biographies and autobiographies. The "Upton Letters," "The House of Quiet,"

"From a College Window," are among other well-known examples. But few remember that he began in that way. Sidgwick, under date Feb. 24, 1886, writes: "I have had rather an interesting surprise. Some days ago I saw in the *Pall Mall* a short review of an obviously fictitious biography of 'Arthur Hamilton, B.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge,' by 'Christopher Carr.' The names seemed somehow familiar to me; reflecting on them, I conjectured that hero and biographer were 'differentiated' out of my nephew, Arthur Christopher Benson. . . . It is a curious performance, immature both in art and thought, but, I think, very promising, having the essential qualities of individuality and aplomb; it may be doubted whether the hero's ideas and

ways of life deserve attention, but there is no doubt that they are definitely and delicately conceived and impressively delineated, and the writer nowhere gives one the sense of misapplied effort—the effects he tries to produce he does produce." Sidgwick actually remarks on the complete absence of Socialistic enthusiasm, which he regarded as the main current of new feeling among thoughtful young men. It might have been written in the last century so far as the relations of rich and poor are concerned. "What the fate of the book may be I do not conjecture, and it is as likely as not to fall almost dead; but I think it will impress anyone who does read it." I believe the book did fall almost dead, but it was the subject of a very clever and a very merciless criticism in the *Saturday Review*.

Professor Sidgwick was married to a sister of Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Balfour's reminiscences of his brother-in-law are of peculiar interest, not so much for what they say of Sidgwick as for what they reveal of the writer. Mr. Balfour says—"I came up from Eton to Cambridge in 1866 with no academic ambitions, but with the highest expectations as to the gratifications which academic life had to offer, both in the way of ideas and in the way of amusements. That these expectations, so far as the first

head is concerned, were in no wise disappointed was largely due to Sidgwick. My philosophic equipment when I first became his pupil was but slender, being, indeed, little more than what I had acquired at Eton for my own entertainment." He goes on to say that Sidgwick took pains with him and allowed him to forget that he was preparing for an examination, "an oblivion which may or may not be desirable in other branches of study, but is almost essential if the pleasures of speculation are to be enjoyed without alloy." Mr. Balfour continues: "I greatly regret that at this distance of time I am not able to give the precise details of his method of teaching. This is partly due to a very defective memory, but partly also to the fact that the relation of tutor and pupil rapidly ripened into a warm personal friendship; and I find it quite impossible to disentangle the impressions he left on me, and to assign some to official teaching, others to private conversation. But this is, I think, in itself a high tribute to his qualities as a teacher. What most people want in order to do their best is recognition." o. o.



[DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.]

A DELICATE QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

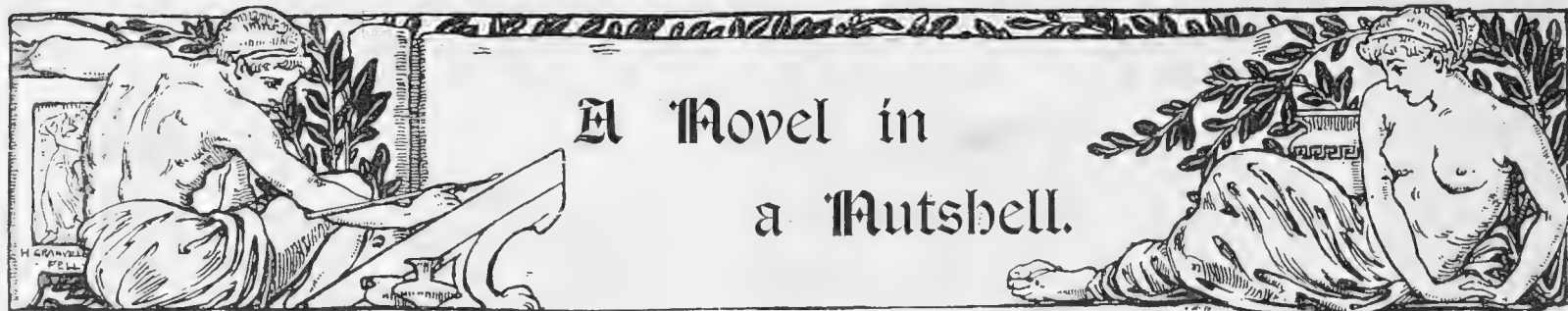
THE POLITE CRACKSMAN: Now, ought I to go in as a tradesman, or am I a visitor?

SALARY IN KIND.



THE CAT: I wonder if Patti ever got more than this for one song?

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

LE REVENANT.

BY CLIVE R. FENN.



THE train from Southampton was speeding on in the darkness. It had met the steamer from South America. Its passengers had journeyed from the land of the sun.

And the light in that first-class compartment shook and rattled as the train jerked in turning a curve. There were three *voyageurs* in the carriage; two slumbered, the third thought. The faint light threw strange fantastic shadows. There were the outlines of the luggage, the figures of the travellers. There was no sound but that of the melancholy rushing motion of the train.

The wind swept over a wide expanse of open country. Here and there a light glimmered. Then the tempest bumped angrily, disappointedly, against the side of the train. It rattled the windows, it moaned. It was like a child in distress. The moaning, the wailing of human voices seemed mixed up with it mysteriously. Suddenly it came with a resonant boom on the whole flank of the train.

It was curious, that coming back in that dim, grey autumn night. The traveller who was awake leaned forward in his corner seat. He gazed dreamily out of the window into that soft, dark land, where the silence was disturbed only by the sighing of the breeze. He tossed back the cape of his heavy travelling overcoat. There was a book lying on the seat beside him, which he had been cutting. There were some French and English papers as well.

The book comprised the reflections of a French savant on the ultimate destination of being. He liked it well enough on the whole, but there was much to think about besides; and it was pleasant to look out on that country. There was a rift in the clouds; the moon had commenced to shine. The rays glistened on the metals as the train flew on. The lambent light fell on the homesteads, the farmyards, the white meadows, the black woods. The curling wreaths of smoke from the engine spread out and disappeared.

He had been away fifteen years. What a little difference it made! Time passed in a flash out there in the South. He might have remained to the end; only something had called him back. What was it? Need he have come? Yes, for it was imperious, that call.

And he found himself looking with interest at the individual buried in sleep who sat opposite. Had he only just returned from a long sojourn in the tropics? Was he returning after many years' absence? Was he also coming back to contradict the belief that he was dead? Perhaps not. Possibly he had not come from abroad. He might be merely making use of the special train.

But for himself, ah! it was different. It would be impossible now to pick up that old thread of long ago. It had been dropped in a hurry, abandoned in disgust. There had not been much time for reflection since then.

Was he mad then? It might have been thought so. He remembered that old scene. It was at a big terminus in the evening. He had left everything, burnt his boats, cut his existence in two, as it were. It was merely by reasoning. He had thought it over. Life in an office, existence in a small suburb, the narrow horizon, the prospect of the never-ending *train, train* of a small career—all that fear of *ennui*, the dread of finding life impossible, had caused him to fly. He would disappear, go to the West. Then he would return long after, like a twentieth-century Sindbad. He would have made the fortune which seemed then so desirable.

The idea was merely a vision at first. But gradually it had taken solid form. Why should he not go? He would be coming back—

some time. There was nothing to prevent his departure. The extreme egotism of it did not strike him. The gracelessness, the ingratitude of it never crossed his mind. He would go and find a fortune, return a hero—no matter the rest.

He had had an engagement that evening, too. There was somebody to fetch from a concert. He has been at the office all day. He had never said a word as to what he was about to do. And the hopelessness of it all faded in the feverish excitement of a sudden departure. He felt surprised himself the moment he had his seat in the train. He had dreamed of doing so; but it had always seemed a romance, a vision—something in the far distance. He must have acted in a sort of trance. If he had fully and calmly thought about it, perhaps he would never have gone.

Once out there, how different it had been from what he had pictured! He realised dimly what he had done. Friends, associations—all had vanished. He should have worked out his life in England, where people waited for him. They hardly believed that he could have gone. It was only that he was bitten by that idiotic craze for theatricality—a sudden disappearance, a sudden re-coming.

And time had slipped away. He had laboured to be rich. And he had become rich. But then it seemed a chimera. Now he was returning. Well, he would hardly be remembered. Perhaps he had sacrificed his life. After all, it was only for a whim. He would be forgotten. Or perhaps they would be dead. He pressed his face against the window-pane and looked moodily out. The engine shrieked out shrill warnings. The train fled through wayside stations. There were rows of flickering lights, a jumbled-up maze of buildings. Perhaps there was a solitary passenger waiting there. Then all was left far behind.

And gradually, as the express thundered on, all that long period of fame, prosperity, and work seemed to fade. The past and the present were bridged. There came up before him a vivid picture of a small interior, a quiet home, where there were pleasant faces, kind words. It was all that which he had deserted.

It might have been worse—the remorse if he had failed utterly in accomplishing his aims. He had wealth now as a barrier before the up-coming wave of regret, of sadness.

But the time was too long. The lapse had been too great. That eternal postponement of communicating with kin might now, perhaps, never be atoned for. There was nothing now admirable in the ambition to be the *deus ex machina* to his own race. Was not social life better? He had missed the daily hand-grasp, the sound of cheery voices, the companionship of relatives which might be the essence of happiness in the end. He had pursued the shadow.

The train did not go fast enough for him. Yet a few hours, even a few days, would make no difference. He was coming back from the kingdom of the forgotten, the realm of the lapsed. Was it merely the atmosphere of England that brought a feeling of remorse, a pang which had been stifled before?

What could he do with his riches now? Opportunity had gone—perhaps. Destiny cannot be played with. And that old home? What of it? Would there be anyone whom he knew living there now? Ah, how he had dreamed! He pictured to himself a scene on a Sunday morning. It presented itself very clearly to him. Somebody was dead. They were starting for church. There was the walk over the hills in the sunshine. They could hear the bells ringing from afar. What if there was no one? He shivered slightly.

[Continued overleaf.]

Sunday Clothes — By Districts.



VI.—SLOPSTON.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Then he would have come back to no purpose; there would only be regrets. A crowd of ideas surged through his head. The train sped on through the gloom; the engine emitted spasmodic shrieks. There was a ghostly whistle in the wind as it swept onward with the train. It was curious getting back to the old country amid that rattle and roar of a night journey, with outside the glimpse of red signal-lights, the dim outlines of buildings, of mountains in the wake.

As a matter of fact, he had not reasoned out things clearly during that long absence; he had been a hopeless visionary, a rapid dreamer of dreams. He had made up his mind to go. His family were poor. But he would soon be back to buy them all that they could wish. There would be carriages and horses, a big pleasure-house; there would be everything which money could buy. What a hollow theory that was! It was the despairing ones who should go into exile. Expatriation was not for those who had the opportunity to toil, whose presence might be a source of gratification to kith and kin. That thought flashed through his mind as the train slipped through a small wayside station and fled onwards into a deep chalk cutting.

But yet—but yet, perhaps, there was no occasion to despair. He might be some good still; he might go into Parliament; he could go travelling again. But there was no *raison d'être* there. He had meant it for the best. He had gone to find the wherewithal to ease the remaining days of all friends. If it were too late! He tried to drive the thought away—it was too sad.

Then came other thoughts. But the journey was nearly at an end. The open country had given place to a district with patches of houses. There were brick-kilns; there was disorder. The engine began to emit piercing shrieks; the train commenced to race past walls.

The platform was full. The train came to a dead stop in an electric-lit terminus. The mist hung in wreaths under the vaulted roof.

He alighted. The place had hardly changed; the life which passed had not affected it. He got into a cab; it started. He could see the whizzing past of the gas-lamps. The cab rattled on over the macadamised roads. Now it was going through brightly lighted thoroughfares; there were brilliant shop-fronts, and there were dark and narrow streets as well. Then came the big West-End hotel with its glaring lights, its attentive servants. It was a strange sensation, that of

returning to the huge capital. Clocks were chiming; there was perpetual rumbling; the streets were brightly lighted. The next day he would go down home.

He knocked at the door, but nobody came. He glanced in at the window; that was the room where the piano used so often to be heard. The blue wistaria was climbing up. But everything seemed deserted; the house was empty, and a labourer in the farmyard was the only living soul to be seen. He strolled through the garden; it was getting tangled. How many summers had gone! There was the greenhouse; there were the hedges of box; there was the famous old yew. It was as it had ever been. The sunshine came in floods. At a corner there was a mass of flowers, of foxgloves and of irises. A flower-pot was lying on its side. Who had knocked it over? Somebody who was running by—somebody who was going—going away—going, never to return.

A sob stuck in his throat. It was not living life as it should be lived to go away for years merely to find dross. It was not wise to desert all simply for a shadow. For the old days could never come back again—never, never, never.

A recollection came.

It was in a wood in summer. Somebody was speaking. It was somebody who had dreams but who yet was philosophic. Why had he not listened? The banalities, the *politesses* of after life, had

obscured the words. But now they came back. How soft and exquisite was that afternoon! The ground was dappled with sunshine and shadow; there was the smell of flowers; there was the twittering of birds. It was one of those afternoons on which all the world seems to be in festival, when sorrow and sighing have flown away. Why had he not listened? The sighing of the wind might have taught him what was right.

And he went on through a wood, so silent now, for evening time had come. The dense green dog's-mercury covered the ground. He went up a hill; and then the path led to a road. There were villagers going home. He went on, on, to a tiny churchyard. There were white stones.

He looked across the little resting-place on into that dim blue horizon. Ah, it was better to be humble; it was better to court obscurity rather than to shun it. It was foolish to run away, to leave one's relatives, to desert the few people who were ready to help and to be kind.

The sense of loneliness had come.

THE END.

NONSENSE FROM THE LAND OF DOUBLE DUTCH.



"I needs von leedle sausage, girl—
How many vos dere pe?"
She answer, "Dere but sefen is—
'Cos dawgs vos scarce, you see!"

[DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.]



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ONE might be pardoned for asking whether March 20 is written down in the calendars as a specially lucky day for the starting of new enterprises, or whether it has been merely so distinguished this year. There are no fewer than three fixtures for that day—two in the afternoon and one in the evening. The afternoon productions are Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedy, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," at the Court, and "The Heir at Law," at the Waldorf. Mr. Shaw's play is distinguished by having only one woman in the cast. She will be played by Miss Ellen Terry, whose chief associates will be Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Edmund Gurney, Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Trevor Lowe, Mr. James Carew—who apparently gets all the American parts in the London plays—and Mr. Frederick Kerr.

In Mr. Cyril Maude's revival, in which he will, of course, appear as Dr. Pangloss, the chief members of the company will be Mr. E. W. Garden, Mr. G. M. Graham, Mr. Percival Stephens, Mr. Charles Maude, and Mr. Harry Nicholls (who has been absent over long from the stage of the West End), Miss Mary Brough, Miss Janet Alexander, and Miss Madge Crichton.

In the evening Mr. Otho Stuart will produce "Measure for Measure," arranged in three acts instead of the usual five—or, should one rather say, in the now usual three acts instead of five. The discussion which the recent revival of this play at Oxford aroused will no doubt be reflected in the interest with which London audiences will view it. Mr. Otho Stuart's company, which has been

playing "A Midsummer Night's Dream," remains to all intents and purposes unaltered so far as the leading parts go, except by the addition of Mr. Harcourt Williams, who will play Claudio, the part which was taken by Mr. Kyrle Bellew when the play was produced at the Haymarket by the late Miss Adelaide Neilson. On that occasion Mr. H. B. Conway played Lucio, which is now to be acted by Mr. R. Ian Penny, while Mr. Walter Hampden will be Vincentio; Mr. Alfred Brydone, Escalus; Mr. Charles Rock, Pompey; Mr. H. R. Hignett, the Provost; and Mr. Oscar Asche, Angelo; Mariana will be played by Miss Frances Dillon, and Isabella by Miss Lily Brayton.

"The Candidate," in which Sir Charles Wyndham will be associated with Mr. Henry Kemble, Mr. Edmund Maurice, Mr. Denis Eadie, and Mr. Yorke Stephens, Miss M. Talbot, and Miss Sybil Carlisle, is fixed for the following day. "Captain Drew on Leave" will be played for the last time on Saturday evening.

Circumstances will conspire to place Miss Gladys Carrington in an altogether unwonted position for a young actress when the curtain rises on Mr. Seymour Hicks and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's musical comedy, "The Beauty of Bath," next Monday evening. At the time of Miss Eva Carrington's marriage to Lord de Clifford, Mr. Seymour Hicks said she was to have had a very nice little part in the new play. This has

been given to her younger sister, Miss Gladys Carrington, and the public interest, intensified by the fact, will no doubt focus itself on her, after the principal people. It will be noticed that some of the members of the company who were associated with Mr. Hicks in "The Catch of the Season" rejoin him, notably Miss Rosina Filippi, Master Valchera, and Mr. Stanley Brett. Mr. Brett's resemblance to Mr. Hicks, which, playgoers will hardly need reminding, is due to the fact that they are brothers, is to stand him in good stead in the new play, for the similarity in appearance between the part he plays and that taken by Mr. Hicks forms an essential incident in the plot.

Events have conspired of late to demonstrate how often the unexpected happens in the world behind the scenes. First, there was the almost definite arrangement that Mr. H. B. Irving would play "The Corsican Brothers" at Drury Lane, in accordance with his plans mentioned on this page. That arrangement, however, went off instead of being ratified, and now Mr. Irving is busily engaged translating or adapting "Jeunesse" for almost immediate production at the Lyric Theatre. The last day of the present month has been fixed for the event. In this, it is interesting to note, Mr. Irving will have for his chief female associate, not Miss Lena Ashwell, as the gossips of the Green Room suggested, but Miss Marion Terry.

Then Mr. Harrison, having announced that he would produce Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play, relinquished it so that there might be no possible suggestion in the mind of the public that he is associated with any other manager in the direction of the Haymarket, for whose policy he and he alone is responsible. When a new play is necessary Mr. Harrison will revive "The Man from Blankney's."

Lastly, Mr. Bouchier, having arranged with Mr. Charles Frohman for the almost immediate production of Mr. Alfred Sutro's comedy, "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt," has found it necessary to get the manager and the author to consent to postpone that play. "Brother Officers" may be continued for some five weeks longer than it was intended to run, for it has been impossible to find another theatre to which to transfer Mr. Leo Trevor's comedy. "The Fascinating Mr. Vanderveldt" is now underlined for April 26.

Mr. Ernest Denny, whose "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy" is playing to excellent houses, and going with increased animation and laughter at the Duke of York's, is one of the few professional reciters who have made a continued financial success of that work. When Mr. Brandram died, Mr. Denny took up his work of reciting the Shakspeare plays, but modified it in order to meet the more modern requirements of our audiences. He condensed the plays so that they would take only about an hour, and instead of standing behind a table and declaiming the scenes, he moved freely about the platform and in a great measure acted them, a fact which has won for him the title of "An Actor of the Platform." Feeling the need of some light social satirical sketches, he wrote some for himself, and later added a one-act play of his own writing to his repertoire. It went so well that he determined to work on a more elaborate scale. Two years ago Mr. Charles Frohman produced Mr. Denny's first comedy at the Hudson Theatre, New York. It was called "Man Proposes," and the star part was played by Mr. Henry Miller, the well-known American actor, who took it on tour.

Apropos of "Peggy," it is stated that when the play is produced in America Miss Fay Davis will play Miss Marie Tempest's part.



A FAMOUS PRIZE-FIGHTER IN MR. BERNARD SHAW'S GLORIFICATION OF THE PRIZE-FIGHTER: MR. JAMES J. CORBETT IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "CASHEL BYRON'S PROFESSION."

Mr. James J. Corbett, the famous pugilist, has, appropriately, made quite a "hit" in G. B. S.'s "Cashed Byron's Profession," and his success is said to be not one of curiosity alone, for he has now been on the stage for some time, and, it may be remembered, once appeared at Drury Lane. Mr. Corbett, otherwise "Gentleman Jim," was formerly heavy-weight champion of the world. He is credited with the desire to play Hamlet.

Photograph by H. Hille.



THE AUTHOR OF "ALL-OF-A-SUDDEN PEGGY": MR. ERNEST DENNY.

KEY-NOTES

MR. ISIDORE DE LARA is an indefatigable worker. At one time we all knew him in England as a song-writer and as a singer of his own songs who made a serious and interesting reputation for himself. There were people at that time who would scarcely believe that it was in him to compose music in the great style. Mr. de Lara, however, chose to leave many advantageous situations, chose to surrender many prizes of his profession, in order to show that there was more grit and substance in his musical nature than people gave him credit for. Perhaps somewhat tentatively, he started out upon larger and more original work than that in which he had been engaged, and there are many who will say that his opera "Moina" showed that he was struggling with new material and that he scarcely proved the strength of character which he actually possessed. There followed afterwards "Messaline," an opera produced with amazing success at Monte Carlo, but also most bitterly and unjustly attacked when it was produced at Covent Garden. So flagrant was the opposition to the work that, although three performances were guaranteed during that particular season, it has never been produced here since. Mr. de Lara has now written another opera, entitled "Maia," the words of which have been supplied by MM. Morand and De Choudens. The present writer has had the opportunity of looking through the score, and there is no doubt about the fact that, although perhaps it is less ambitious than the score of "Messaline," it bears upon every page the sign-manual of a fine musician, who will not at the present time stoop to cheap popularity and will not do work which is not worthy of his powers. The opera was produced quite recently at Nice, and scored a really huge success. Anybody who has followed de Lara's career with some care will know how great must be his strength that he should work always for more ambitious issues, and never condescend to artistic meanness.

Mr. Creatore has, of course, as we all know, made a great sensation by his appearance in London with his band, which he has been conducting at the Queen's Hall. His orchestra is composed of woodwind, double basses, brass, and harp. Probably nobody who has hitherto attempted unusual effects with the orchestra has succeeded in achieving quite such results as Mr. Creatore has achieved during the last few days. It is perfectly true that his methods are eccentric and unusual. A conductor who suddenly leaves his customary place and runs up and down between his forces in the hope of obtaining particular results must perforce seem eccentric to one unaccustomed to his methods. At the same time so much has to be taken for granted in the case of any original artist that it would be a waste of time to argue with Mr. Creatore about his methods so long as he produces the right effects. As a matter of fact, many of his effects were extremely right. His amazing enthusiasm, his equally amazing agility, his magnetic control over his band were matters not only to note but

also to admire. It is a pity that his band belongs practically to the range of wind instruments. It would be very interesting to observe how he could control large forces of strings as well as large forces of wind. Of course the methods by which Mr. Creatore has advertised himself and his band must necessarily raise a smile; but, as has been said, sweet are the uses of advertisement, and there is no doubt but that Mr. Creatore has not erred upon the side of those sweet uses.

It is not often that either conductors or orchestras care to give themselves the trouble of a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

As we all know, it is a work that demands almost super-human powers for a right interpretation. It used to be objected that Beethoven's deafness, when he wrote the Symphony, somewhat unbalanced his powers of what has been called "the interior ear." There are many who consider that the Seventh Symphony is, on the whole, a greater work than the Ninth. Nobody, however, who heard the Leeds Choral Union in the final movement of Beethoven's last and most amazing work could come away with any doubt whatever upon this subject. There is a pathetic story that Beethoven, then quite deaf, sat with his back to the audience while band and chorus gave this amazing work at Vienna. It is said that when the great applause was showered upon him he had to be turned towards the audience in order to see that they were applauding. Then, people were not quite sure as to whether Beethoven had not attempted to exceed his own powers. In these days, however, when such choirs as those which come to us from the North (and especially from Yorkshire) are able to tackle the most difficult choral works that have ever been written, one is easily persuaded that, although Beethoven may not have dreamed of the possibility of his Symphony being done with absolute perfection, it can,

at all events, be done with such perfection at the present day. To think that a deaf man should have composed not only this celestial work, but also the great Mass in his lonely hours of deafness, is to meditate upon a tragedy the like of which the world has never before seen. Miss Perceval Allen, Mr. Turnpenny, Mr. Montagu Borwell, and Miss Jessie Goldsack took the solo parts in the last movement. One word of praise must be given to Dr. Henry Coward, whose work as a trainer of the chorus cannot be over-praised. It may be added that at the same concert Richard Strauss's "Taillefer" was produced, and was performed admirably. Mr. Henry Wood's conducting throughout the concert was both magnificent and imperious. At times the tempi which he adopted for the last movement of the Choral Symphony were almost staggering. It said much for his genius that no passage was marked by anything but distinction.

COMMON CHORD.



THE "INCIDENT" AT THE GERMAN HOSPITAL MATINÉE AT THE APOLLO.
MME. BLANCHE MARCHESI.

Mme. Marchesi, the famous soprano, was programmed to sing three songs; but before she could return to the stage for her third song the curtain was lowered. Mme. Marchesi then came before the curtain and addressed the audience, stating that as the curtain had been lowered she refused to sing her third song. The audience showed their sympathy by applauding, and eventually the curtain was raised, and Mme. Marchesi sang again. The audience was delighted with her performance.

Photograph by Reginald Haines.



MAKING BOOKS ON MOTORING—CHARGES AGAINST PROFESSIONAL DRIVERS—STOWING SPARE INNER TUBES—LUBRICATING—
CONCERNING THE 4000 MILES TYRE TRIAL.

GIVEN half-a-dozen trips on a motor-car, an hour or two's chat with a works' foreman, or a verbose repairer, and something over and above the average scribbling facility, and the net result is too often the issue of a more or less ponderous work dealing with motoring from many curious points of view. No pastime, if motoring may still be called a pastime, has suffered more acutely than has motoring from the attentions of the bookmaker, whose efforts to deal seriously with his subject have at times wreathed the critic's lips with smiles, and sometimes provoked him to downright laughter. Only the other day in just one of these fill-gap productions I found a sample account in which a gear-wheel, description not given, was set down at just upon £12. Why such gross exaggeration in a book presumed to persuade and coax to motoring? What gear-wheel in any modern car was ever charged such a price for? Why, even the beautifully cut, everlasting helical-toothed bevel wheels of the sweet-running Wilson-Pilcher cars do not nearly approach this ridiculous figure. Why such scare estimates?

Also in these would-be *vade mecum*s one finds terrible charges preferred against the professional driver, the whole class being tarred equally with one or two indifferent specimens of whom the bookmaker may have heard. Now, I have no sympathy with the car-owner who allows himself to be ill-served or cheated by a hired driver. If he be so cheated, nothing but an idle disinclination to acquire sufficient special knowledge to check his servant's conduct is at the bottom of his trouble. Men who take pains to know their cars are seldom, if ever, heard to complain of their paid drivers, for their knowledge serves them, first, in engaging the right kind of man, and secondly, in checking any tendency to overdriving or extravagance. Owners who are obliged to leave the driving of their cars largely in the hands of their chauffeurs should fix a certain amount for repairs and upkeep per annum, also a certain petrol and oil consumption per mile run, and then let their drivers understand that it will be considerably to their financial interest if they keep within the margin stated.

Inner tubes are not the least expensive "spares" that the careful motorist who desires the least possible trouble upon his journeyings must needs carry with him on his car. And yet how carelessly and thoughtlessly they are sometimes stowed! I have seen them, new big, expensive inner tubes, rammed and jammed naked into crowded boots and choked cupboards or drawers, with loose tools, leaky oil-cans, petrol-tins and paraffin-cans, the oozings from which are all best calculated to rot and ruin rubber, to say nothing of the friction from the score of odds

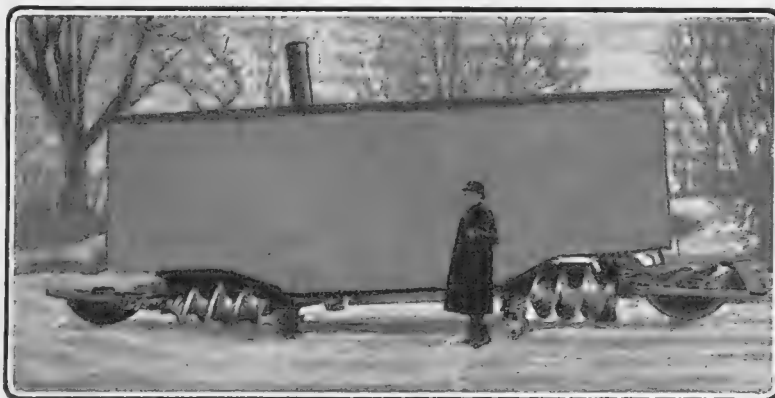
and ends enclosed with the tubes. It should also be borne in mind that pressure tends rapidly to deteriorate stored rubber.

There is really only one way to carry spare inner tubes without injury or deterioration. The valve parts should be unscrewed and the tube rolled up double from the end opposite the valve, so that all the air within the tube is squeezed out in the process. When the rolling is completed, the roll should be tied round with tape, not string, just tightly enough to keep it from unrolling; the valve parts screwed into place, and some soft strips of cloth wound round and tied round the valve to preserve it from injury. Then the tube should be put into one of the water-proofed bags with pull-to mouths specially made by Messrs. Alfred Dunhill, Limited, of 359-361, Euston Road, and 2 and 5, Conduit Street, W., for the purpose; and into which a half-handful of French chalk has been previously introduced. These bags are made large enough to take two tubes, but the tubes should be separated by a piece of soft material. That is the best and only way to carry inner tubes without damage or deterioration.

"Encourage British industries" is something of a shibboleth to-day, although not adhered to as rigidly as might be. Take, for instance, the case of lubricating oils, which in the earlier days of the motoring movement could not, we were assured, be produced in proper quality in this country. However that might be in 1896-7, the case is very different now, for the whole subject of the lubrication of high-speed petrol-engines has since then been closely studied by lubricant-experts, particularly Mr. Veitch Wilson, of Price's Candle Company, of Battersea, who has given the subject a vast amount of attention, and by keeping in view the various types of engines employed on modern motor cars, has produced cylinder-lubricating oils eminently suited to their several distinctive features and requirements. The majority of my motoring friends swear by Price's oils, and prefer them to the higher-priced and much vaunted foreign importations.

Referring to the 4000 miles tyre trials now in progress, the makers of those eminently robust tyres, the Colliers, write pointing out that they have entered three sets of tyres,

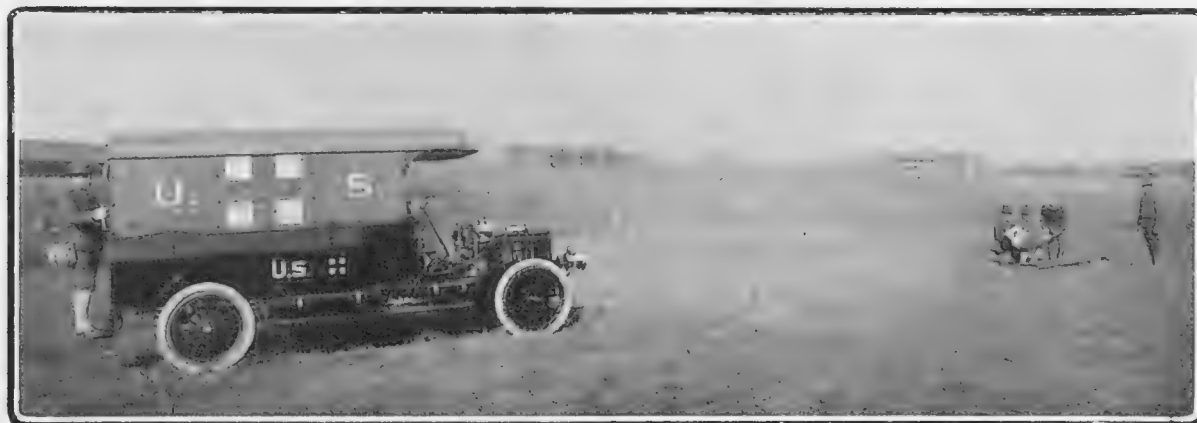
and consequently have three cars running—two with the standard Collier nut-and-bolt fastening, and one set inflation-held by means of beaded edges. I may say that I am more than pleased to learn that this is so, for it will tend to give these trials more interest than appeared probable at the time the entries, as given me by the Club Secretary, were referred to in *The Sketch* of the 28th ult. At the time of writing the entries had not closed,



A MOTOR-CAR FOR SEEKERS OF THE POLES: AN ICE AUTOMOBILE, SHOWING ITS SPIRAL RUNNERS.

A recent note in the Press stated that Mr. Wellman, the American explorer who is to attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon, will take with him on his journey several motor-sledges. It is stated that these are to have spiked wheels, so that the ice may be gripped easily. Yet another invention that may be of use on such expeditions is the ice automobile here shown. Speaking of it, the *Scientific American* says: "The ice locomotive is propelled by steam engines, but instead of resting on wheels or runners is supported by four great steel spirals, one at each corner of the body, in the places usually occupied by the wheels or runners of ordinary vehicles. The spirals lie with their vertical axes horizontal, and are of opposite pitch. The edges of the blades are fashioned like skate-blades in order that they may grip the ice well."

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."



THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE SERVICE OF MARS: THE UNITED STATES ARMY AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE ANSWERING A HURRIED CALL.

The motor-ambulance adopted by the United States Army is of 15-h.p. It is specially designed to run, start, and stop smoothly.

Photograph by Walton Fawcett.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE STORY OF SOME JOCKEYS—FUTURES—COUPS.

THE flat-race jockeys are now busily engaged riding gallops, and they should be in fine form for the flat-race season, which opens on March 26. Halsey is a veteran. He does not have to waste, however, and he should get plenty of riding this year. Halsey began life as a butcher-boy, and he used to carry a basket of meat on his arm while riding a horse. He afterwards acted as rough-rider in Woodland's stable. Then he became a successful steeplechase jockey. After that he was a trainer. Now he devotes his attention to riding on the flat. M. Cannon was born in 1873, so he is getting on in years. He gets his name Mornington from the late Mr. Brayley's City and Suburban and Great Metropolitan winner of 1873. Tom Cannon rode the horse in the Metropolitan, and when a son was born a month later he decided to christen him Herbert Mornington, as a compliment to the genial West-country sportsman, Mr. Brayley. "Morny" will ride for Lord Howard de Walden when the weight suits, and it is to be hoped that he will run up a large winning score this year. He was educated at Queenwood College, is a great follower of the Southampton football team, indulges in cricket, motoring, yachting, and swimming, and, as a matter of course, rides straight to hounds. Rickaby is getting on in years, but he is still a good jockey. He was born in 1869, and it was his grandfather who trained Wild Dayrell, who won the Derby in 1855. Rickaby rode his first winner in 1885, when he captured the Easter Handicap with Fireball. It is said that Rickaby was jostled about at the starting-post, and Archer told the lad "to go where he did" when the flag fell. Ptolemy (Archer) and Fireball got off together, and the latter won, after a desperate race, by half a length. Rickaby was not over-successful last year, but he is very likely to get the mount on some good horses this year, when his luck may change. Maher is said to be very fit. He will get plenty of riding, and he is as likely as not to finish at the top of the list. Madden off duty is one of the nattiest men on the course. He dresses neatly, not loudly, and he looks the perfect gentleman. Otto Madden will, by-the-bye, give the American a good run for his money, as he has kept himself in good fighting condition throughout the winter. J. H. Martin is a good tobogganer, and he has been working

that he may be left at the post as he was at Goodwood, when Mr. Charley Hannam trusted him with a big sum. I suppose Lynham, who is to have the mount in the race, will ride the colt at exercise before the day; but even this will not guarantee that the old leaven will not once more assert itself. By-the-bye, it is stated in some



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF WILD ANIMAL LIFE: A ZEBRA ATTACKED BY A LIONESS IN UGANDA.

Photograph supplied by D. H. Bernard.

quarters that Lally is a non-stayer, and that the Netheravon stable will go for Sarcelle. I don't think so. Anyway, Captain Purefoy told his friends in America recently that, barring accidents, Lally would win, and I cannot see what is to beat him if he keeps well. Operations on the Lincoln Handicap are growing, but it is difficult to tell by the market what is likely to win. I shall stick to Dumbarton Castle, who I know is undergoing a strong preparation. Mr. Prentice, who is at present abroad, has not backed the horse as yet, but he will do so if the animal is found to be fit on the day. Catty Crag is the great hope of the dwellers in Lincolnshire, and I hear that the Newmarket people now favour Mida, who is owned by Lord Dudley. If Lord Westbury wins the race with Holme Lacy many West-countrymen will be the richer. He ran a good second to Queen's Holiday for the Wokingham Stakes, which can be reckoned a useful public trial. The Grand National tangle is as puzzling as before, and until the Cranborne best is discovered backers refuse to budge. I think Timothy Titus will run well, but I advise the waiting game.

Many of the leading starting-price bookmakers positively refuse to do business in the winter, on account of the number of coups that are brought off under National Hunt racing. A big operator who does work the winter through told me the other day that he had been hung up on half-a-dozen occasions since the jumping season began with heaps of money for horses that on the book had no chance whatever of winning, yet they won, and started at prices varying from 100 to 6 to 10 to 1. It seems that in the old days the "S.-P." bookmakers did not so much object to having these "S.-P." jobs, as they turned backers themselves and shot their brother professionals. But this sort of thing was bound to defeat itself in time, and the dog-eat-dog policy found itself out years ago. Now to protect themselves the little "S.-P." men limit the amount to be put on by any one customer. They also stipulate that the instructing telegram shall be handed in a certain time before the race is run. Yet these measures are not sufficiently drastic to stop the "money-getters," and I believe the operators are determined to bargain in the future for the actual receipt of the telegrams half an hour before the time set for the start of the race. Some of the biggest starting-price coups of recent years have been worked by adopting tactics that would not occur to the common or garden order of backer.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



AFRICA AS A SPORTING-ESTATE FOR SOCIETY: A BRITISH SPORTSMAN'S BAG IN UGANDA—A RHINOCEROS.

It is particularly noticeable just now that Society is going further and further afield for its sport, and is indulging in more big-game shooting than usual. It finds Africa a particularly happy hunting-ground, and is busy shooting over many parts of it.

Photograph supplied by D. H. Bernard.

hard at the game all the winter. He should be very fit by Lincoln time. K. Cannon was not lucky last year. He may do better this. Templeman is very likely to run up a big sequence of winners.

Someone is of opinion that Black Arrow will win the Derby. This is evident by the manner in which Colonel Hall Walker's colt has been backed in the London clubs. I for one should be very sorry to risk any money on the son of Count Schomberg and Black Cherry, at least until the flag had fallen at Epsom, for it is on the cards

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE marriage of Mr. Henry Arthur-Jones's daughter Gertrude with Mr. Albery on Monday last (12th) aroused a good deal of interest in what reporters love to describe as "theatrical circles." The bride, who is fair and petite, made a dainty figure in her Empire wedding gown of white chiffon and silver tissue. Madame

Marion Aldridge, of 40, York Place, Portman Square, who is responsible for the entire trousseau, deserves, in fact, great credit for the success with which the picturesque element has been introduced into each gown. The bride's little Empire wreath of orange-blossoms was matched with similar garlands done in chiffon, and a full Court train of white chiffon velvet, also enwreathed, completed this original bridal array. Silken gowns satin-hemmed in the tender green of young lily-leaves clad the four bridesmaids in appropriately spring-like attire, little lace coats of Irish crochet, silver-embroidered and satin-edged, giving that softness and delicacy of



MISS GERTRUDE ARTHUR-JONES'S WEDDING-DRESS.

finish which lace alone can contrive. Out of a dozen attractive arrangements figuring in the trousseau, one much admired the graceful lines of a lilac and chiffon taffetas—which to the mere male mind would be soft black silk. This, copied from a Romney, was skilfully cut in one piece from neck to hem, and with its little square tucker and sedate outline was charmingly suggestive of bygone manners and methods.

Mrs. Irving Albery's going-away gown was a pastel-blue cloth, made also in Empire fashion, which suited her blonde style very successfully and reflected another but not less definite credit on her clever dressmaker.

Talking of frocks and fal-lals, Kate Reily started on Monday last a spring show of models and new modes, which, to use an emphatic schoolboy summing-up, are simply "immense." No one who wants to launch out into gorgeous apparel—and who does not?—should pass near Dover Street without seeing some of the exquisite intricacies of French fingers which Kate Reily has foregathered in her salons. There was a blue—but if one begins, it is to go on like the brook; so a word to the wise in time will probably be quite as effective and far less wearisome than ecstatic paragraphs on frou-frous which always look so much better than they sound.

At a time like this, when the poor, who are "always with us," are apparently more than ever so, seeing how the Mother of Parliaments agitates herself on their behalf, it is well to remember how, with little talk but much well-directed action, the *Morning Post* Embankment Home is daily solving the vexed vagrancy question by providing work and

food for the deserving poor, while weeding out the chaff or the chronic mendicant, who exists neither beautifully nor cleanly on the mistaken alms of the passer-by and the night's lodging at the ratepayers' expense. When a great authority like Sir Eric Buchanan tells us that "money given to a beggar is almost invariably wasted," it really gives one pause—more especially when figures go to prove that over a million sterling is wasted yearly on the wastrel in this City of London alone. A scheme by which work is given in exchange for money naturally does not recommend itself to the lazy Knight of the Kerbstone. And while no derelict is sunk too low for reform, provided he wishes to rise out of the gutter, pavement begging will not help him to do so, while the *Morning Post* Embankment Home scheme does and will. Kind but thoughtless readers, therefore, who feel often impelled to drop a coin into the willing palm of the submerged, will do real good by withholding it, and still more by sending the total of those suppressed pennies and sixpences to 346, Strand, at which address this great work, philanthropical and beneficial in the fullest sense, was initiated.

I always thought and said that the Hermitage at Monte Carlo only wanted a winter garden to make it a smaller paradise within the larger one of the minute but miraculous Principality. Now it has got it. The Prince of Monaco himself came to open it, and the details sent by delighted friends who are staying on the spot make one cry to be there too. However, the pleasant things are not always possible in this world, and one grows (in time) to view with equanimity other people's yachts and racing-stables, other people's pearls, sables, motors, and even other people's jaunts abroad, though that, to a mortal with a mind for travel, may be the most difficult philosophy of all.

The present style of dress tending rather to emphasise the curves of lovely woman than to conceal them, as witness the corselet skirt and Princess gown of present usage, it becomes increasingly important that a proper care should be given to the selection of one's



THE DRESS WORN BY MISS GERTRUDE ARTHUR-JONES'S BRIDESMAIDS.

corset-maker. In noticing of late the satisfactory outline of several well-bestowed acquaintances, who might literally have been poured into their garments, I made haste to inquire from whence the mould of their particular forms had hailed, and was informed that the pet *corsetière* of both was Sykes Josephine, of European reputation. When it is considered that this firm makes corsets at from one guinea



MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

Drew tea-basket a boon if you make excursions, though, of course, it is less difficult to get the delectable beverage in the South now than formerly. The fees for taking your motor into France will be returned when you cross over again. Yes, I think you will get plenty of bridge; the difficulty is to escape it nowadays. I hear it is the favourite form of Ministerial relaxation, even at Algieras.

upwards, it will also be seen that a perfectly fitting corset is possible to girls of the most modest allowance, and it should further be borne in mind that the cleverest dress-maker in the Rue de la Paix cannot achieve a satisfactory fit of gown or coat without the all-important foundation of well-fitting "stays."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUFFERER.—London water is undeniably hard and impregnated with lime, but it can be softened quite successfully with Lubin's Eau de Toilette, which hails from 11, Rue Royale, but can no doubt be obtained here at stores or good-class chemists'.

SAN REMO.—Comparatively quiet, but plenty of nice English people in villas. You will find a motor into France will be returned when you cross over again. Yes, I think you will get plenty of bridge; the difficulty is to escape it nowadays. I hear it is the favourite form of Ministerial relaxation, even at Algieras.

SYBIL.

Professor Henry Francis Pelham, who lectures to-morrow evening before the Royal Historical Society, is the distinguished son of a distinguished father, the late Bishop of Norwich. The Bishop had Manning among his intimates, before his conversion and after. Manning was wont to open his heart to the good Bishop in a manner not common to him. He told him the poignant little story of his early ambitions and disappointments: how first he wished to enter Parliament; how, when that failed, he longed to embark upon a career of diplomacy; and how, finally, when his father's bank went under, he was obliged to enter the Church. Talk turned one evening upon the celibacy of the clergy, Manning, of course, advocating the condition. "You must admit," he said, "that celibacy is the holier state." "You think, then, that matrimony is a less holy state than celibacy?" he was answered. It was a startling proposition, which Manning had not considered. "Oh, no," he said, as the memory of his own happy married life unfolded itself before his mental vision.

On and after Monday, March 19, Charing Cross Station will be reopened for traffic. In consequence of the structural alterations now in progress, the full service of trains cannot be run at present, but the service shown in the published time-tables dated October 1905, and until further notice, will be resumed, with certain exceptions. The Continental trains will be run from and to Victoria until further notice. The Cannon Street mail trains will be run as per time-tables—namely, 9.5 a.m. and 9.5 p.m. from Cannon Street and 3.40 a.m. and 3.20 p.m. from

The Gold Key with which Sir Edwin Cornwall opened the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway on Saturday last. The key was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London and Sheffield.

Dover. The 9.5 p.m. train does not run from Victoria, but from Cannon Street only. The South Eastern and Chatham Company's season tickets will not be available on the District Railway between Charing Cross and Cannon Street stations, and vice-versa, on and after Monday, March 19. Horses and carriages will not be accepted for conveyance from or to Charing Cross station until further notice.

TWO NAMES TO CONJURE WITH.

HANG out a banner on the outer walls of a theatre—or, in other words, a poster—print on it the name of Edna May or Phyllis Dare, and the interest of the public is at once focussed on that entertainment. The reason is not difficult to understand. Both ladies have that gift of personal magnetism, coupled with the freshness of youth and beauty, the value of which cannot be overrated in those who have made it their mission "to live to please."

Ever since Miss Edna May appeared as "The Belle of New York," English audiences have, to a man, enrolled themselves among her admirers, so that she may, without exaggeration, apply to them the words of her own famous song and declare that "They always follow me." How great that interest is is shown by the fact that, although she will not appear in London until the end of next March, the papers have for months past been chronicling the fact.

Similarly with Miss Phyllis Dare, probably the youngest leading lady on the musical-comedy stage. To her may be applied the title of the play in which she last scored so great a success, and she may be called "The Catch of the Season" for the manager who has engaged her services.

Both ladies are strongly in favour of Odol. Witness their encomiums. Miss Edna May writes:—"I think your preparation Odol is simply wonderful. As a mouthwash I find it not only delightfully refreshing and cleansing, but a great help to my rather weak and troublesome throat."

Miss Phyllis Dare says:—"Odol is delightfully pleasant, and is certainly a necessity to one's toilet."

Odol's position is, however, so firmly established that it is no longer "the catch of the season," but of every season.

The menu of the second monthly dinner of the Aero Club, which was held a few days ago, was particularly interesting. It bore, amongst other illustrations, drawings of a balloon crossing the Channel, an air-omnibus, an air-ship, and Mr. Frank Butler's balloon, "Dolce Far Niente." Amongst those who attended the function were Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Brewer, Mr. Martin Dale, Mr. Frank H. Butler, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Professor Huntington, Mr. Roger Wallace, K.C., Mr. Ernest Bucknall, Mr. Moore Brabazon, and Mr. Wright.



MISS EDNA MAY.



A COMPLIMENT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN IMPROVED.

MRS. LOVIBOND-MUGG (with pride): My husband, you know, is quite the cleverest of a clever family.

MISS SHARP: Ah! that's where your children get their brains!

[Mrs. Lovibond-Mugg changes the subject.]

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 26.

THE SETTLEMENT AND THE OUTLOOK.

AFTER all the gloomy talk, in which the names and credit of several well-known people were most unjustifiably made light of, the settlement has passed off with only one small failure of absolutely no importance. The money position has been steadily improving for some time, and it seems pretty certain that the Bank rate cannot much longer be maintained at its present level. Politically the air has been cleared by the agreement come to at Algeciras, and if it were not for the nightmare of Russian default which oppresses the principal financial institutions in Paris and Berlin, one might almost say that the political weather-glass pointed to "Set Fair." No one believed that a break up of the Conference without arriving at a settlement would lead to war, but such an unfortunate contingency (which was well within the bounds of possibility a few days ago) would have opened a very unpleasant vista of agitation and uncertainty, likely to have created trouble at any time, and the fact of an agreement having been come to lifts a weight from all the great money-centres of Europe. The financial position of Russia only indirectly affects our markets, but undoubtedly the danger of trouble makes even the strongest Banks in France tremble. Russia must have a loan: it is said she wants seven milliards of francs, and the French and German money-lenders insist not only on the new loan being ratified by the Duma, but on a ratification by that body of the old war-loans, a condition that the Tsar and his advisers are kicking against with desperate energy. We shall probably find that the very acuteness of the position brings its own solution, for the French and German financiers are so deeply committed to the maintenance of Russia's credit that they cannot let her go without going in many cases themselves. The position is not uncommon in private life, and reminds us of a gentleman of our acquaintance who, having a very large unsecured overdraft, one day got a letter from his banker saying he really must not draw any more, and who replied by drawing a cheque for £1000 and writing a polite note to the banker daring him to dishonour it.

During the week we notice that the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, whose shares have been favourites of ours for a long time, have again issued a good report, and are able to pay a dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon their Ordinary shares, besides raising the reserve fund to £75,000, and providing for all Preference charges. The Company is managed in a most conservative way, and we were pleased to see that when several of the big West-End jewellers were involved in a very unpleasant piece of business the other day—from which by great good luck they have escaped without loss—the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company was not among the number; very good evidence, to our mind, of the care with which its affairs are managed.

The meeting of the Sanitas Company—whose shares we have often recommended—passed off most successfully. The usual $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. dividend was paid, and the chairman was able to announce the introduction of a new and valuable disinfectant under the title of "Bactox," for which the Company expect a great future.

CANADIAN.

To blow one's trumpet about correctness of prophecy in Hudson's Bay shares would no doubt be execrable taste, so we refrain from any references to the rise that has lifted the price £15 a share since Bays were recommended here. They look uncommonly like going up the other ten points indicated at that time as their probable course. Canada is to have another summer, the fates permitting, of immense prosperity, and to sell things Canadian at the present time would appear to be very premature. In the rush-up of Hudson's Bay shares and Grand Trunk stocks, Canadian Pacifics have taken little part. They had, of course, their boom earlier, and having been hoisted over 180 *cum* dividend upon the prospect of rights accruing, the quotation has receded slightly upon the realisation of the hopes. It may be pointed out that Canadas are still *cum* rights, which have a market value of about eleven to twelve dollars per present Canadian Pacific share, and that when the price becomes *ex*, there is quite likely to be an upward rebound again. Grand Trunks seem to us quite high enough. The Third Preference is talked to "par"! That is to say, this 4 per cent. stock is to be put on an equivalent with the present price of the 5 per cent. First Preference, which is a sound investment security. The very idea is preposterous. With the new issue of guaranteed stock we doubt whether the Third Preference will receive 2 per cent. again next

October; and if it remains upon a 2 per cent. per annum basis, or even 3 per cent., the price is worth nearer 50 than 70. We think that profits on Trunk Thirds should most decidedly be taken, and with much thankfulness.

MINING ON THE KLONDYKE.

As most people know, Klondyke mining is of the nature of washing gravels for alluvial gold. So far, this celebrated Arctic goldfield has not produced any large quantity of reef gold.

Our Yankee cousins and many Canadian speculators are largely interested in the field, and there are even a few companies here which have claims in the Klondyke, but we have not yet got our Klondyke corner in the Stock Exchange.

Many interesting accounts of both life and mining within the Arctic Circle have been written, none more interesting than Mr. Lynch's book, "Three Years in the Klondyke," published by Mr. Edward Arnold. By the courtesy of the publisher we are enabled to reproduce a sketch of winter mining in this region, where the earth is frozen as hard as granite rock, and where, in order to work it to the best advantage, it is necessary to thaw the ground before attempting to remove the gravel for treatment. Here, with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero, with the aid of steam driven into the face of the frozen ground, work is carried on all the year round, and, as Mr. Lynch explains in his book, holes can be pierced in half an hour, which without the assistance of the steam would take seven or eight hours to drill.

Mr. Lynch is one of the successful Klondyke miners whose pioneering led on to the fortune that it deserved. His account of life in Dawson City in the early days, of the methods of mining employed, of the strange characters, both male and female, the shifts to which men were put, the luxuries and enjoyments of the new Dawson City of to-day, is both graphic and picturesque. The whole book is one of the most interesting accounts of what men will endure in the search for wealth that we have come across for many years.

"MISCELLANEOUS" SHARES.

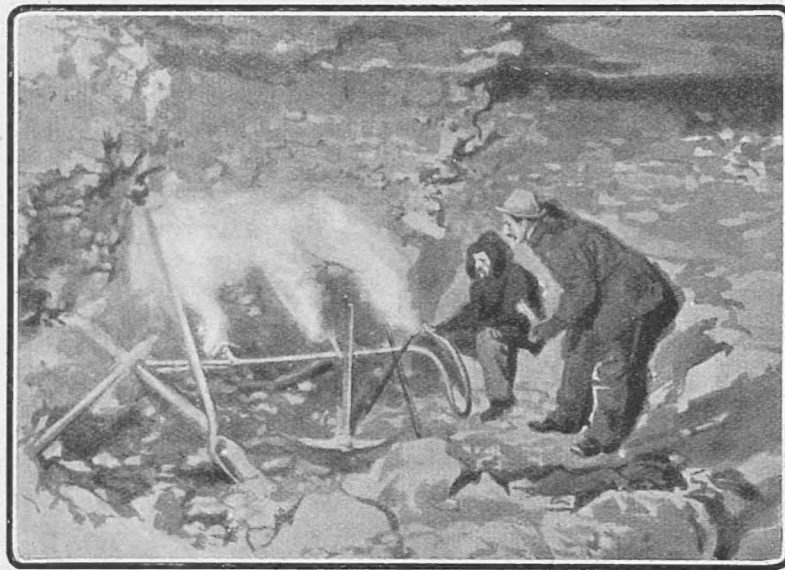
Following the remarks made here last week with regard to electric-lighting shares in the various Metropolitan Companies, a further fall has now lowered the prices to levels at which some of the best pay from $5\frac{3}{4}$ to $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money invested. This is the case with St. James's and Pall Mall, Westminster Electric, Notting Hill, and several others. Many years have elapsed since such good returns could be obtained from such shares, and in his search for attractive investments the capitalist should make a point of testing the

merits of these lighting issues. Though any return to buoyancy in this group cannot be looked for until some of the unsettling factors have been dispersed, the day will come when the best shares will find ready support, and that day is worth discounting by a present purchase.

To turn towards another section of the Miscellaneous Market, the comparative idleness in Iron, Coal, and Steel shares is somewhat surprising in view of the brilliant figures which the industry displayed in the last Board of Trade returns. Unfortunately, this same industry suffers, in its joint-stock capacity, from strong recommendations by outside brokers, which fact rather tends to discourage the cautious man from taking an interest in the market. Most of the well-known concerns, too, were floated upon the crest of the boom a few years ago, and directly trade eased off the effect of this became apparent. Iron and Steel Companies, however, are doing extremely well, and it is a healthy sign when a Company like Vickers boldly writes off a six-figure sum from its goodwill and patents account. The shares at $2\frac{3}{4}$ are a good investment, while we consider Armstrongs as equally sound. In fact, all such shares appear to possess cheerful prospects for a gradual improvement in price.

KAFFIR STOCKS.

Thanks to the slump in Kaffir shares, some of the stocks issued by South African cities, municipalities, and corporations came perilously near to the stage of being unsaleable. It was not that heavy sales took place, or that prices fell heavily; it was simply that at the official quotations buyers were so scarce as to make the jobbers wary of taking more stock to put on their books. This state of affairs is now altered, and seeing how buyers can still get the full 4 per cent. from securities such as Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, or Durban Fours (allowance being made for accrued interest), this little market still holds out temptations. Johannesburg Fours, *ex* interest on March 2, are to be had for about $93\frac{1}{2}$, and are naturally rather more speculative than the other three mentioned.



THAWING EARTH WITH STEAM IN THE KLONDYKE.

AND KAFFIR SHARES.

Fluctuations in Kaffir shares continue to be in the main the handiwork of professional interests. But the slump has served one purpose in kindling fresh public attention. Those people who have sold at the low prices are not at all likely to touch Kaffirs for many years to come; in that way, the flatness probably wrought the market lasting harm. Those who bought at the cheapest levels did so, in all probability, either to average shares acquired at much higher prices, or else as a gamble, to be closed upon any sharp profit accruing. This also is not business that brings real benefit to prices. An evening paper publishes the returns to be obtained from purchases of Kaffir shares now, and it is extraordinary to notice that even the slump failed to establish a standard of prices which can honestly be called cheap, in view of the lives of the mines and other considerations. But from the merely market standpoint, there is consolation to be derived from the fact of the situation being considerably clearer than it was a fortnight ago, and the ability of the Kaffir Circus to adjust its weak accounts speaks well for the generosity—not always, perhaps, disinterested—of the stronger parties.

"THE MINING YEAR BOOK."

We have received a copy of the new volume issued by our contemporary the *Financial Times* under the above heading, and a most useful book it is for all who are interested in mining, whether for speculation or investment. The volume opens with an admirable sketch of the year's mining from the pen of one of the joint-editors, Mr. J. W. Broomhead, in which the results of 1905 are grouped under the headings of various countries; this is followed by sketch maps of the gold-producing British Colonies, with the outputs for the last five or six years, and then a short synopsis of over 4000 companies, with capital, profits, directors, and practically all useful information, is given. Everything is alphabetically arranged and easy to find. The cost of the book is but fifteen shillings, and every buyer certainly gets his money's worth.

Saturday, March 10, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SENEX.—In view of the possibility of getting 4½ on the money, and that you are a trustee, we should say that you ought to sell the whole lot except Nos. 19 and 20; but the Iron and Coal concerns you might hold for the better prices which the present boom in trade is bringing. Trustees have no right to hold things like Nos. 1, 12, 16, even for a day.

APPRECIATIVE.—No working costs are published. The report due in a few days will give data. Expenses and profits to-day are no guide to what the profits should

be with the new plant at work. We expect the dividend suggested to be earned next year, if not this year, subject to the labour question.

W. W. W.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. (1) The concern, we think, is a trap to catch flats. (2) We know of no reason for the change on the board. Like many of the power concerns, the time necessary to work up a connection is causing great disappointment.

J. S.—Your letter was answered on the 8th inst.

CAUTIOUS.—(1) A fair speculation. (2) A general tip, and for that reason we do not like it.

ANXIOUS.—Sell. Your contract will be for the special settlement, whenever that may be. The buyer will have to pay the sum you have paid up and the premium. There is no need to pay the March 31 instalment until the sale is through. No sensible person ever pays till weeks after such things are due.

S. J.—As to the shares being a good purchase, the answer is "Yes"; but in the present states of the mining market we say nothing of an early rise.

IRON.—Any member of the Stock Exchange will buy or sell the shares for you. "Q" has often referred to the Company before. It has been in existence only a couple of months.

K.—We have searched our files and can find no recommendation of the Dominion stock. You must have got the tip elsewhere. Take your profit. We certainly expect the Mexican National tip to turn out well.

RUSSELL.—We understand the position of the Traction concern to be that it has been financing subsidiary enterprises all over the place, and is loaded up with paper. If trade continues good, the local concerns will do well and the Company reap a good harvest. If not, well, the less said the better.

NOVICE.—About No. 1, see last answer. No. 2 we do not recommend. The Queensland Mine, on merits, looks cheap, but is not a good market. We prefer El Oro, or Lancashire as a gamble.

NEPTUNE.—The Industrial shares are no favourites of ours. Some day there will be a smash, and the risk is shown by the price. There is too much financing of hotels, theatres, and suchlike for our taste. Cut your Yankee loss and buy B.A. and Rosario or United of Havana as a better chance of getting the money back.

J. H.—The first rule of this column is that questions must refer to financial subjects only, the second that no anonymous letters are answered. The City Editor could not in any event undertake to give correct names to antediluvian creatures appearing in *The Sketch* comic pages.

OASIS.—The shares are, we think, a pure gamble, and not an over-attractive one.

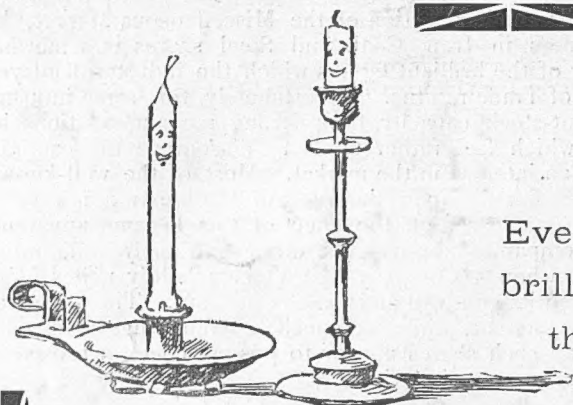
MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Gatwick programme is a good one. Some of the following should win: Gorse Hurdle, The Clown II.; Epsom Steeplechase, Sweetmore; March Steeplechase, Dearslayer; Ockley Hurdle, Sir Hector; Holmwood Steeplechase, Graziella. There should be a big crowd at Kempton Park. I fancy the following horses will run well at the meeting: Middlesex Steeplechase, Master Ben; Rendlesham Hurdle, Eileen Asthore; Thames Hurdle, St. Medoc; Spring Steeplechase, Aunt May; Littleton Hurdle, Cripplegate. The meeting of the week will be that held at Hooton on Friday and Saturday. I hope the King's horse, Moifaa, will win the Great Cheshire Steeplechase, and I like Rosebury for the Hooton Hurdle. For the other events I fancy the following: North-Western Hurdle, Ruysdale; Rosmore Flat-Race, St. Anselm; Novices' Hurdle, Rydal Head; Grosvenor Steeplechase, St. Benet; Novices' Steeplechase, Cinders.

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